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Selections.

SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON,

At the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, May 27, 1858.

Phonographically reported for The Liberator, by Mr. YERRINTON.

MR. PRESIDENT: Let others disclaim the imputation as they will, for one I will not attempt to deny the fact that I am a full-blooded, radical, *Garrisonian* Abolitionist; and it seems to me highly probable that I shall live and die in that faith (laughter and applause).

What, then, is it to be an Abolitionist of this stamp? If I interrogate the religious or political journals, I find that it is to be "a fanatic," "a madman," "an incendiary," "an infidel" and "a traitor." Now, I wish to say to those here who are not Abolitionists, and who are afraid of the imputation, that all I ask for, in the cause of the slave, is, simply, that he may have the right to his own body and his own soul. I ask that his rights as a human being may be recognized. I ask that he may be taken out of the category of perishable property, and allowed to stand on the platform of our common humanity, and to develop those faculties which God has given him. I ask that, in his case, the image of God may be respected, and that there may be an everlasting distinction placed by us, as there has been by the Father of us all, between that which is immortal and that which perishes with the using.

Is this "fanaticism"? Is it "madness"? Is it "incendiarism"? Is it "infidelity"? Is it "treason"? Or is it not the simplest justice, the commonest honesty, and the very spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Yet this is the centre and circumference of my Abolitionism. How is it, then, that everywhere I am held up as one who would like to see all that is sacred overturned, the land deluged with blood, every plantation given to the consuming fire, and chaos come again? Certainly, it is not because I have not endeavored to make myself understood; it is not because I have not used plain and intelligent language, that I am thus misrepresented and misunderstood. No, sir. The solution of this clamor and defamation is not to be found in what I claim for those who are in bondage, but in an all-prevailing malevolent, murderous and tyrannical spirit, which is "full of all deceivableness of unrighteousness"—which calls "good evil, and evil good, puts light for darkness, and darkness for light"—which "lies in wait to make a man an offender for a word"—which deliberately and wickedly misrepresents and maligns what is said in righteousness and in sound reason; so that the great mass of the people—misled by a venal press on the one hand, and by a time-serving pulpit on the other—are led to believe that the Abolitionists are madcaps, deserving a place in an insane asylum, rather than to be recognized as good citizens or exemplary Christians.

To come to our own heritage. All that we ask is that Massachusetts will be true to her principles. Well did my friend Mr. Phillips remark, last evening, that there is no lack of principle, in profession, among us. Everybody professes to be governed by principle; everybody is opposed to slavery—"in the abstract." Nobody wants to be thought, now, in favor of perpetuating the horrible system. Why, then, do we not all, "like kindred drops, mingle into one"? How is it, if we are all, in principle, opposed to slavery, that we are, nevertheless, an Ishmaelitish body?—that there is such a Babel confusion of tongues among us? The answer is, because principle is inoperative; our opposition to slavery is an abstract sentiment, without any moral root; we are a nation of dissemblers.

The Abolitionists are hated for this: they carry out their principles, and mean what they say. When they declare that a Church which enslaves human beings, or connives at their enslavement, is not the true Church, but thoroughly apostate, they carry out their declaration by shaking off the dust of their feet upon such a Church, as "a cage of unclean birds, and the synagogue of Satan" (applause). When they say of a political party, leagued with the oppressor, it is unworthy of support or countenance, they treat it accordingly. When they say "No Union with Slaveholders, religiously or politically," they hoist the banner of secession and march under its folds.

Let the people of Massachusetts reduce their theory to practice, and crystalize sentiment into principle—vital, active, uncompromising principle—and there will be no need of Anti-Slavery Conventions, tracts or journals among us. The work will be done.

It is one thing to say, "In the abstract, I am opposed to slavery," and quite another thing to carry the declaration into practice. It was a trying case that was presented to Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, in the days of Darius the king, whether they would fall down and worship the golden image which he had set up or be consumed to ashes. "In the abstract," they might have said, "we are for the worship of the true God; but this being cast into a burning fiery furnance, if one persists in that worship, is not a comfortable idea, and it must be sheer fanaticism to run any such risk." It is not very comfortable, in a worldly sense, to bear the cross as Jesus did; be degraded the name of Christian, and insults the Master whom he professes to serve, who shrinks from that cross whenever God lays it upon him in vindication of the truth.

Mr. President, let me submit to this assembly the concentration of "Garrisonian" Abolitionism. Here it is, in the first Article of the Constitution of Massachusetts:

ART. I. All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential and unalienable rights; among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties; that of acquiring, possessing and protecting property; in fine, that of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness.

That, sir, covers the whole ground. Why should not Massachusetts be true to her own Constitution? Is she true? Suppose a fugitive slave comes here—what do we do? Do we say, "Under the Constitution of Massachusetts, you are safe. This is free soil. Here abide." Do we say this? Alas! to our shame and condemnation, no! We say, "Up into that attic, or down into that dark cellar, and hide! The best we can do is to secrete you at our peril—peril of fine and imprisonment—until the way is clear for your escape to Canada! Get you out of Massachusetts over the border, into a foreign land, under the British flag, if you would be free!"

Sir, I heartily subscribe to the remark of my friend Mr. Clarke, that, in the slave system, there is nothing distorted, nothing exaggerated, nothing out of place, but everything is symmetrical, from beginning to end. The slaveholders act wisely, with great forecast, just as they must act as slaveholders. He who concedes that they have a right to hold slaves, also concedes whatever the slave system has ever produced, or requires for its safety and perpetuity. Every system determines its own necessities. Every tree brings forth its own fruit. The war system—is there anything distorted about it? Is there too much bloodshed? Are the passions too freely aroused? Are the weapons too deadly? If you will have war, you must take what war requires. So in regard to every other system, whether it be right or wrong. As we sow, we shall also reap.

Now, why is slavery a debateable question among us, when the people of Massachusetts have laid it down in their Constitution, as a self-evident truth, that all men are created free and equal? Is not this to put an end to all controversy? Where do our rights originate, and how do we prove that we possess any? I should like to know if any of you ever supposed it necessary to go to the Bible in order to ascertain whether you have a right to your own personal freedom? Why, the thought is absurd and preposterous! But let me ask, still further, would you allow your right to liberty to depend upon the teaching or the interpretation of any book in the universe? Or would you not rather say, "It is a natural, inherent, organic, constitutional, inalienable, indestructible right. I find it in the God-given intellect, in the aspiring soul, in deathless faculties, in immortal powers; and all the books in the universe are nothing as against my claim to be free." No white American ever thinks of going to the Bible to argue his own right to freedom? Then I ask, how dare you go to the Bible to argue the question of freedom or slavery for the black man? How dare you make it a Bible question at all? If that volume has nothing to do with the question as concerning your own liberty, what has it to do with any question pertaining to the liberty of those in bondage at the South? If you say your rights are derived from your own nature, then the slave, being also human, may say his rights are derived from his nature, and that no book can justly deprive him of those rights; and he cannot be answered.

Mr. President, it has been thought a bold declaration on our platform, that if the Bible goes against human rights, and in favor of enslaving men, then it ought to be trodden under foot; that if the Bible is on the side of freedom, well—if it goes against freedom, then let it be given to the consuming fire. This, I say, has been regarded as a bold declaration. But it is only to say that personal liberty is not a Biblical question; it is not a question of exegesis; it is not dependent upon any text, or any scriptural doctrine, but grows out of the nature of man—and that is the whole of it.

Sir, our revolutionary fathers made clean work of it. How degenerate we have grown! How clearly they discerned liberty as a principle!—and how blind, how besotted we are, to be led off to the Bible to find proof that the black man has a right to his own body and soul! Our fathers declared, "We hold it to be *self-evident*." If self-evident, that settles the question. What do you need of a text? Why do you go to Paul and Peter, or to anybody, for light? "We hold it to be *self-evident*." Enough!—it precludes all appeals to parchment or logic, to history or precedent: therefore, emancipate the slave!

Now, we are having the Bible everywhere arrayed against the Declaration of Independence; everywhere held up as giving to one man the right, under God, to enslave his brother man. Both the Old and the New Testament are quoted on the side of slavery. This is sapping the foundations of our own temple of freedom, and, as a matter of Divine retribution, gradually, but surely, undermining all our liberties, and threatening ultimately to overturn the very forms of Republican government, and to establish a military despotism upon its ruins.

Men of Massachusetts, do you mean to give up the Declaration of Independence? If you admit that that instrument is against the Bible, do you mean to give up the Declaration? If you say the Bible is against the Declaration, do you mean to stand by the Bible? Or will you not say, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, the Declaration of Independence forever!" (Loud applause.)

I am glad to hear that response. What, then, is our work? *To carry out the Declaration of Independence;* and I trust we shall be as hearty in that determination as we are in giving our assent to the abstract principle. Yet, who believes in inalienable human rights? The very fact that we have four millions of our fellow-countrymen in chains to-night is a fact which proclaims that our nation is thoroughly demoralized.

Sir, this struggle for the abolition of slavery is not a struggle with Carolina, with Alabama, with Georgia. I say here, as I have said many a time before, I do not care what the South says against Abolitionism on the one hand, or in favor of slavery on the other. The battle is not to be fought on Southern soil, and slavery is not to be abolished by the voluntary act of Southern slaveholders. The strength of the slave system, its life and its power, are here among ourselves, and our work, therefore, is on our own soil. What, then, is the state of public opinion in this Commonwealth? Sir, if a score of citizens should pass by, and I should interrogate them one by one, I am not sure but they would all turn out to be unbelievers in the inalienable rights of man! I will tell you what, in all probability, the first man would say: "The blacks are an inferior race; therefore, we may enslave them without guilt." How many are there in this audience who offer that as their excuse, intending to go to the judgment-seat with it upon their lips? You hear it everywhere: "They are inferior—a link between the brute creation and ourselves; and it is the right of the superior to enslave the inferior."

I interrogate the second man, and he says, "Slavery is right when the slave is a black man. God made the Africans for bondage; therefore, they are in their right place on the Southern plantations."

I ask the third man what he thinks of slavery. He says, "I believe when a man purchases slaves in the market, and pays the market price for them, he has a right to them; they are his property, and you are endeavoring to rob him of that which he has justly bought and paid for."

I ask the fourth man where he stands, and he replies, "When slaves are inherited, it is no sin to use and dispose of them as such. To say that he who thus inherits and retains slave property is a man-stealer is to misuse language, and to be very abusive."

I turn to the fifth man, and he says he is in favor of slavery at the South, because to emancipate the slaves would impoverish their masters, and leave their families in great distress. "Would you take from them their property?" he asks—"all their means of subsistence?"

I ask the sixth man, and he says it is right to hold slaves, not in a cruel, not in a selfish spirit, but for the slaves' own good; and so he quiets *his* conscience.

I ask the seventh man, and he says slavery must be continued, because the slaves could not take care of themselves, if they were set free. Turn them loose, and they would certainly starve, or go to cutting throats, or committing some atrocious outrage or other; therefore, it is perfectly right to hold them in bondage, both as an act of humanity and with a due regard to the general welfare.

I ask the eighth man, and he says he is in favor of letting slavery alone, because, by our agitation here, we only exasperate the South; and the consequence is, emancipation is retarded instead of being advanced.

I ask the ninth man, and he tells me he is for keeping quiet on this subject; for if we persist in pushing this issue, our glorious Union will perish, and go down in a sea of blood.

Finally (not to complete the category), I ask the tenth man, and he says slavery is right, because he finds it sanctioned in the Bible, and therefore it cannot be wrong; the Bible is the word of God, and what God approves must be right.

Now, Mr. President, while such is the general state of public sentiment in Massachusetts to-day, does not our work lie here, rather than in Carolina? Is it not to make Massachusetts free soil, before we can hope to see any yielding on the part of the South? Who is in favor of that? What say you, citizens of Massachusetts, shall we make the Bay State free to every fugitive slave who may flee to it for safety? Or shall we have it free for slave-hunters to come here, and hunt for their victims with impunity, as hitherto? Will you say, "The first Article of the Constitution of Massachusetts shall be carried out, come what may"? You will have a chance to say this very soon! Yes, the people must rise up, as one man, in their majesty, and decree that, hereafter, under no circumstances, and before no tribunal, shall a human being be put on trial to determine whether he belongs to any other human being (applause). We intend to go through every city, and town, and village of this Commonwealth, with this single test—"Are you in favor of slave-hunting in the Old Bay State, or against it?" And it will be such a test! Oh, gracious God! what a revelation of character there will be when it is brought home to every man's door, and to every man's bosom! I tell you, it may seem an easy thing here to respond in the affirmative; but there are great events, there are solemn consequences, wrapped up in this question of making Massachusetts free to the hunted fugitive. By our complicity with slavery hitherto, God has justly brought us into very great extremity; and now, in trying to do right, and to make our territory free from the stain of blood, we shall find that we have got to go through a fiery trial—how fiery it may be, God only knows. But every man must be tried. "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall." Take the petition! take it, sign it, circulate it, my brother and sister! Ask every man who can write to sign it; if he cannot write, let him make his mark. Tell him what it is for—to secure the "inalienable right to liberty" to every human being within the limits of the State. Try the revival converts in particular (applause). Tell them, what, of course, they profess to know, that Jesus Christ came into the world to redeem men, and not to enslave them; to open prison doors, and set every captive free; and ask them to put their names to the petition. Then watch for the developments!

Now, I know what many will say. We shall have all manner of excuses. "Oh, it is a sad thing to have a slave-hunt in Massachusetts! Personally, we are very much opposed to it. But then, if our Legislature should pass such a law, where should we be? It is written in the bond! "We have a law, and by that law" the slave ought to be given up. We have agreed with the South, constitutionally, that she may seize her fugitives on our soil, and therefore we cannot sign." Another will say, "I will do all I can to succor the victim privately; but then, should we pass this decree, and enforce it in the name of the Commonwealth, it will dissolve the Union; and I am for preserving the Union at any rate. Hence, I cannot sign." A third will say, "I am opposed to slave-hunting and slave-catching; nevertheless, I tell you, if we carry out this measure, we shall have civil war. The General Government will march an army down into Massachusetts, and every acre of her soil will be covered with human gore. I cannot sign the petition, much as I pity the fugitive and abhor slavery."

Now, whoever talks in this manner practically says, "I am still for kidnapping." When you find a man giving any such reason for not signing the petition, then see before you a kidnapper, and brand him as such! That is to say, for certain reasons which are sufficient to satisfy himself, he declares, "I am willing that the deed should be done—the slave carried back"—and so he is to be associated with the slave-catcher himself.

Many, however, will aid us—I hope many more than we anticipate. I will tell you who ought to be active in signing and circulating this petition—those who say they think we have a glorious Anti-Slavery Constitution, and that there is nothing in that instrument which requires Massachusetts to give up a single fugitive slave. They, of course, will have no scruples or difficulties in regard to circulating and signing this petition. I expect that all who really hate slavery, and truly love liberty, will deem it a proud day for themselves, when they shall be permitted to put their signatures to the petition.

Mr. President, in spite of all scruples and difficulties, we shall carry this point—we shall make Massachusetts free! (Applause.) Massachusetts, bad as she is, is the hope of our land. Bad as she is, she leads the world. Sooner or later, we shall carry this measure; then all the other New England States will wheel into line; then the great North will follow; and then, I think, our work will be nearly accomplished; for the moment we cease to allow slaveholders to hunt their fugitive slaves on our Northern soil, then that imaginary border line between the North and the South will witness thousands of fugitives exultingly leap over at a single bound; then every border slave State will be speedily depopulated of its slaves; then that border State will necessarily become a free State, and will join the North; and so on, until the work is thoroughly done for the whole country. I therefore say to you that this is our work for the coming year, and I hope we shall all go into it with a will. It was a hard struggle to get rid of the infamous slave-catching Judge, who was at last made to walk the plank overboard (loud applause). But we succeeded, and we shall succeed in this glorious measure. The Legislature is the breath of the people. If the people will it, then the Legislature of the State wills it. What we want is THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE. It is the will of God that every fugitive slave coming among us shall find refuge and protection. Let the will of God be done! And let all the people say, "Amen!" (Loud applause.)

THE SENATORIAL WAR IN VINDICATION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

BY JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

From The Ashtabula (Ohio) Sentinel.

IT is with great reluctance that we call attention to this subject. We view it as a grave matter, destined to affect the honor of our Government. The facts, as we understand them, are as follows.

In our treaty of Ghent, entered into with Great Britain in 1814, the following article is contained:

"Whereas the *traffic in slaves* is irreconcilable with the principles of *humanity and justice*, and whereas both His Majesty and the United States are desirous of continuing their efforts to promote its *entire abolition*, it is hereby agreed that both contracting parties *shall use their best endeavors* to accomplish so desirable an object."

This solemn treaty stands in full force and unrepealed. To the nations of the earth, to God and ourselves we stand pledged to "*use our best endeavors to* ENTIRELY ABOLISH THE TRAFFIC IN SLAVES." This solemn stipulation has been openly and notoriously violated. From the moment it was entered into until the present day, our nation has *maintained* a barbarous "*traffic in slaves*" upon our southern coast; supported that traffic by the aid of our public ships, by aid of our army, by resolutions of the Senate, and by act of Congress. While thus lending our influence and power to support this "traffic in slaves," we have enacted laws declaring the "African slave trade" to be piracy; pretending that the traffic in slaves upon our own coast is meritorious and worthy of national support, while the same traffic upon the African coast is piracy and worthy of death.

While we have thus violated our solemn treaty, Great Britain has "*entirely abolished*" this "*traffic in slaves*" among her West Indian islands, has even abolished the institution of slavery therein, and exerted her power and influence for its entire abolition upon the African coast.

We also find that by our treaty of Washington, called the "Ashburton treaty of 1841," we stipulated to furnish a naval force of 80 guns, to be stationed upon the African coast, for the purpose of preventing the traffic in slaves, while Great Britain made the same agreement on her part, and both powers solemnly stipulated to unite in remonstrating with any government that should permit a market for slaves.

We also understand that Brazil keeps such a market for slaves; that, instead of remonstrating with her for this national crime, our Minister under Mr. Buchanan complimented that government on account of its management of the slave trade, representing that its interests and those of the United States, in relation to human degradation, are identified, and calculated to strengthen the bonds of friendship between them and the American people; that in our ports, under the eye of our government, more slave ships are fitted out than from all other ports of the Christian world; that many of our merchants are deeply engaged in this "traffic"; that such pirates go unpunished, unhanged among our respectable people; that the Democratic press of the slave States openly advocates the restoration of the slave trade; that, in both branches of Congress, Democratic members openly avow its propriety and propose its restoration, and that *African slaves are now imported into the United States under the American flag;* that our flag is generally used by slave ships; that Great Britain is using her best endeavors "*to entirely abolish the traffic in slaves,*" according to the dictates of humanity and her treaty obligations; that to carry out this purpose she claims the right, under these several compacts, for her ships of war employed in this work to visit any suspicious vessel, to *ascertain her national character,* and not to *search her cargo* or *examine her seamen;* that, knowing slaves to be imported into Cuba and into the United States, her ships of war in the vicinity of Cuba and in the Gulf visit American vessels *for this purpose* and no other. If any vessel has been *searched,* her cargo *examined* or her seamen *impressed,* such case will constitute just cause for demanding *explanation* of the British Government, but for nothing more *until* such explanation, apology or indemnity shall be refused.

Now, it appears to us that no just, no honorable owner or captain of a ship engaged in a lawful commerce could object to having his *true character known.* No just nation, no just statesman or government ever did or ever will object to having their suspected ships visited for the purpose of ascertaining their real character.

But attempts are now being made to change the views of the Christian world in regard to slavery, to make it respected. For this purpose the public mind in regard to the slave trade must be modified and changed. While the civilized world regard the slave trade as *piracy,* they must look upon slavery with equal abhorrence.

In order, therefore, to cause slavery and the slave trade to be respected, Mr. Buchanan, on learning that British ships had visited our vessels in the Gulf, precisely as they had previously, becomes enraged, calls a Cabinet council, orders our own vessels of war to the Gulf, with every appearance of hostile intentions.

The Senate learns the fact and becomes excited; resolutions are presented looking to war; denunciations, threats and language of intimidation are used in the Senate Chamber against a Christian nation for its honest efforts to suppress piracy, and a *coup d'état* for the capture of the whole British navy appears determined on by that grave and learned body.

We cannot speak for others, but to our mind the whole thing appears undignified. We would say to that body of grave statesmen that, far above your reach and thoughts, Eternal Justice sits enthroned with omnipotent powers. You cannot repeal her laws; but you may *conform to them.*

We sincerely hope that England will carry out her treaty stipulations; that she will pursue the course which she long since adopted on this subject. If a war result from this cause, the civilized world will condemn us. Our own judgments and consciences will condemn us. Every honest, Christian statesman will feel that our country is disgraced. We envy not the statesman who now lends his influence in carrying on this farce, for we can characterize it in no other appropriate language. Our Senators will find it so. It is quite likely Mr. Buchanan really thinks of war. But neither Senator Toombs nor any other respectable Southern statesman entertains the most remote idea of hostilities. They know that a war with England in defence of the slave trade would prove fatal to their cherished institution. The placing of twenty or thirty thousand black troops from the West India Islands in Georgia or South Carolina, with a proclamation of freedom to all their brethren who should join them, would constitute an entertainment to which they will not *invite themselves.*

When those regiments shall open their recruiting quarters, and the slaves begin to flee to them, we shall look to those Senators who are now so belligerent to see whether they shoulder their muskets, go South and stand guard upon the plantations, in order to prevent the escape of these Southern cattle to the British army. *We don't expect to go.* We desire to be counted on the side of justice, of liberty. We hope that every slave may obtain his freedom at the earliest possible moment, and at any expense, even if it cost the life of every pirate who attempts to hold him in bondage. We desire that God's attribute of justice shall be vindicated, even though the Senate of the United States and James Buchanan array themselves against it.

Neither honor nor just fame awaits the man who, at this day, stands forth in favor of national injustice or dishonorable war. The maxim, "Our country, right or wrong," is atheistic in character. The Christian rule is to "*keep our country always in the right.*" If wrong, let our government be set right; and we suggest that it had been far more in accordance with the feelings of our people, with the doctrines of Christianity, with the spirit of the age, had our ships of war been sent to coöperate with those of Great Britain, and to "use their best endeavors *entirely to abolish the traffic in slaves,*" than to be engaged as they now are in maintaining that piracy; and we would respectfully suggest that it were more statesmanlike, more dignified, more in accordance with the spirit of Christianity and the present age for the Senate of the United States to be engaged in maintaining our treaties than in violating them—in obeying the dictates of humanity, and maintaining justice, than it is to be engaged in attempts to involve our nation in a war with England, because she is honestly and earnestly engaged in carrying out her treaty obligations and performing her Christian duty.

A FURTHER AND LATEST ILLUSTRATION.

[Concluding chapter of Rev. J. M. McCarter's pamphlet, "Border Methodism and Border Slavery."]

Rev. J. S. Lame driven off his Circuit by a Slaveholding Board of Stewards, with the concurrence of his Pro-Slavery Presiding Elder.

REV. J. S. LAME, who is supposed to have written the "Junius Letters" from Maryland, which were published in *Zion's Herald,* has recently been "crushed out" by a slaveholding oligarchy, the Board of Stewards of Snow Hill Circuit, Worcester County, Md., without remonstrance from the Rev. Henry Colelazer, presiding elder of Snow Hill District, Philadelphia Conference. Insulted and persecuted, he has been compelled to leave his circuit, to which he had been returned as preacher in charge for the second year, by the Bishop, at the recent session of our Conference, and is now on his way to free territory. It is but proper to say that many of his people had for him the greatest sympathy, and parted from him with tears. Some of our noble anti-slavery people there—for some are even there—are indignant at his treatment; but the presiding elder and the stewards triumphed, and he has been compelled to leave his work by a miserable clique, composed of slaveholders, in his board of stewards.

The professed occasion of this outrage was not his preaching against slavery, but his acknowledgment of connection with those letters, when waited on by an inquisitorial committee of the "simple" slaveholding caste, who demanded an answer to the question, "whether he was not the author of the 'Junius Letters?'" Every slaveholding, preacher-driving steward of them holds official relation to the Church, in shameless violation of our Discipline.

The whole of this accursed business of oppression of men, whether of slaves or of God's ministers, is disgraceful to the civilization and Christianity of the nineteenth century, and is a dishonor to the memory of Wesley; and the sooner it is driven from our Church, the better. These recreant Methodists and their "institution" have well-nigh suffocated the whole Church with their mutual stench. They ought to be and we hope soon will be shown the way out of our Zion, by the law of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

It is proper that we should state that what we have said as to the sentiment and practice of *the slaveholders* of our Church is not intended to intimate, and there has been no purpose on our part to convey the impression, that all our members are pro-slavery on that soil. This is far from being true. A majority of our members there are not connected with slavery. Some of them loathe and detest it, and are as strongly anti-slavery in sentiment as was John Wesley himself. Still, these are but few, and not usually the persons who control the sentiment of the communities in which they live. Most of these, indeed, are themselves silent altogether, save where they find a congenial spirit with whom to talk over the matter. The rich and the influential members of our Church are, in the lower part of our field, found to be slaveholders. Though ineligible to office in Maryland, according to our Discipline, they are, nevertheless, placed in office, and wield the greater influence for that reason. It is easy to see, therefore, how our Church has become corrupt. The preachers who appoint leaders who are slaveholders to office, and who nominate slaveholders for the office of steward, who license persons as exhorters who are slaveholders, and have afterwards given them their influence and recommendation in their getting license to preach—upon these travelling preachers much of the guilt of this matter rests. It is a grave question whether, out of all the Quarterly Conferences in the lower part of our work in Maryland, there is a single Quarterly Conference which ought to be recognized by a presiding elder as such, for the simple reason that the majority of persons composing them are declared by the law of the Discipline itself to be *ineligible.* If the ineligibility of most of these members be a fact in law, then we would like it shown how a presiding elder can recognize them as stewards, leaders, exhorters, and local preachers, and at the same time see, as it is his duty to see, that the Discipline is faithfully carried out upon his district.

The conviction now generally obtains that the Church will outlaw slavery throughout our bounds, and is consented to by most as a fact not far in the future. To this conclusion all minds, whether pro-slavery, conservative or abolition, have been irresistibly drawn or driven, who are capable of beholding the signs of the times. The man who resists the movement, with the hope of defeating it, but wrestles with destiny and with God. The unfolding of divine purposes in the successive stages of progress in our Church, like the breaking of successive trumpets in the old style of Apocalyptic peals, has conducted the thousands of spectators and actors to the last scene of our Church's history in her struggle to free herself from slavery—a drama which, in the divine records above, might well be entitled "redemption for man as man." Our Church may have an Armageddon field which shall witness the collected forces of the misguided, and the "fearful" swelling the ranks of the apologists for wrong; but highest achievements are to be won by those who earnestly battle on the side of freedom. Under the same conqueror, too, seen in that dread, yet glorious, old vision shall the struggle be won! for he whose Godhead's name is "written on his thigh" is he who was "sent to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the doors to them who are bound."

A difference of opinion obtains as to the way in which the Church is to free herself of this evil by her further legislation.

There are those, and they are the vast majority of the two classes of laborers for slavery extirpation from the Church, who believe that the direct action of the General Conference is all that is necessary in order to effect the desired legislation. The others think there are constitutional objections to this mode of action. We regret this, and hope that the representatives of both sides will be in earnest as to having the work done in 1860.

Let us be understood! Those whose theory of the constitution of the Church is such as to find in that instrument a bar to proceeding in any other way than by the restrictive rule process in order to the extirpation of slaveholding from the Church, and who profess to be anti-slavery in faith and feeling equally with those who prefer the more direct way of detaching this great evil from us, must show, as the highest test of the sincerity of their moral conviction, a direct and zealous antagonism to the evil of slavery. Let there be no stopping of the onward sentiment of the Church by interposing the supposed or real constitutional impediment. Let there be no sneers at any movement seeking the increase of strength for the anti-slavery sentiments of the Church. Let it be merely a difference of opinion as to the best method of doing the desired work of extirpation. If this be done, then there will appear from these, representing as they manifestly do those sections of the Church where the anti-slavery sentiment is weakest, in outspoken declaration and unquestionable activity a zealous adherence to the great principle at stake in all these issues. But if it be shown that the constitutionalists use their doctrine as a rampart where pro-slaveryism takes shelter, behind whose walls of circumvallation slaveholding, slavebreeding and slavery-perpetuating apostates from true Methodism find convenient warehousing and patronage in their business—if such as these are the known allies who supply the magazine, if they do not direct the guns by which the anti-slavery convictions of our people are sought to be killed off, then those ramparts will be stormed, and, though "constitutionalists" may seek to be successful in clutching the treasures which should be a common heritage, nor pains, nor losses, nor any consideration of worldly expediency, will, we believe, prevent one great heroic attempt in 1860 to wipe out the Church's dishonor.

In the publication you have perused, dear reader, we have but conducted you with the tenderest conveyance along the shore, sparing your sensibilities whenever we properly could, pointing out merely the greenest headlands and the brightest promontories jutting out in our sight. The vast continent lying back of these is unexplored. If you have seen monstrous wrongs like anacondas in whose folds struggled your brothers and sisters, and in vain, and fearful oppressions like tigers drinking the blood of resisting or unresisting victims, yet let us assure you in the deep jungles of its vast interior are shapes and sounds of misery and formidable wrongs such as imagination itself may not exaggerate. Into that vast continent, and cognizant of its cruelties, and the sorrows inflicted upon His children, looks the blazing and Omniscient eye. As Methodists, you are asked, Will you seek "to deliver those who are appointed to die" in slavery? or, if this be beyond the reach of the Church, you are asked, Shall the monstrous oppression be a sanctified thing, protected by Church policy, tolerated at your altars, and fatten on your fatness; or will you withdraw from it your sympathies, and give them to the crushed and down-trodden slave?

Finally, let us remember that though it were shown that in our Church the slave was generally treated well, still the terrible *fact* remains. Still *the tears and blood of the enslaved are daily dropping on our altars.* Throw over it what veil of extenuation and excuse you may, the essential crime and shame remain. Believe as kindly as you can of the treatment which the slaves receive of humane and Christian masters, it is only on condition that they first surrender their every *right* as men. Let them dare demur to that, and their tears and blood must answer it.

THE CHURCHES—THEIR PRESENT POSITION.

From The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

THE Annual Ecclesiastical Conventions of the season are now generally passed. We have, as they occured, recorded their action on the question of human liberty. In the aggregate, this action perhaps marks some advance of the spirit of freedom and justice in the community, if not an increase of principle in the Church. The majority of these Conventions have shown themselves blind guides, unable to perceive the right, or direct the moral action of the people, and this too when the sympathies of some of their members are somewhat aroused for the oppressed by the exposures and incidents around them.

The popular Churches have not changed their position. They are yet on the side of the oppressor, because there is power and wealth and worldly respectability. They are anything else than the representatives of the fidelity, humanity and devotion to principle which marked the life of him whose name they bear and whom they profess to venerate. Their Christianity is still a Christianity which chattelizes babes, enslaves and brutifies women and robs and murders men. It links them with oppressors and justifies them in extending their Christian fellowship to the most aggravated of criminals—pirates and man-stealers. It is a Christianity of lust, of robbery, of violence and injustice, which fosters hypocrisy and then christens it virtue and religion, to deceive the people.

This religion has been marvellously revived this past winter, and we see its fruits in the action of the Churches which profess to have this new anointing from on high.

At the South, of course, we expect to see especial exhibitions of devotion to a slaveholding Christianity, and we are not mistaken. The Southern seceders from the New School Presbyterian Church have perfected their organization, with a special guarantee for the undisturbed practice of the divine virtue of slaveholding.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has adapted, very conveniently, its General Rule to its general practice, by expunging the prohibition for the buying of men, women and children with intention to enslave them.

The Church North, in some of its Conferences, has spoken some brave words this spring against slavery, but it shows little disposition to treat slaveholders as other sinners, and no disposition to break Christian fellowship with the Philadelphia Conference, which tolerates slaveholding in its membership, and, by a dodge, also in its travelling as well as local ministry.

The New School Presbyterian Church, at its Assembly, maintained its quiet and self-satisfied dignity, by pointing to what it had done, or rather said, in times past; while the Old School Church manifested such servility as to delight the filibusters and slaveholders and slavetraders of New Orleans and secure from them princely hospitality and warmly eulogistic certificates of the "gentlemanly and Christian deportment" of these Calvinistic divines.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in Ohio held its Annual Convention at Newark last week. So far as its proceedings have come under our notice, the slave, his case or that of his oppressor was never once referred to. This whole Church remains as it has been in time past, utterly disregardful of these claims of humanity. Its dignified respectability cannot stoop so low as to lift up the down-trodden or minister the gospel of Jesus to the outcast. Its gospel is one of good-will to the masters, and of submission to the slaves.

Some of the less influential denominations have been absolutely making advancement in the right direction and give some evidence of practical Christianity. See, for example the action of the Unitarian Convention in Cincinnati, and that of the North-Western Conferences of the Methodist Protestant Church, which made a formal demand of their Southern brethren to pronounce slaveholding incompatible with membership in the Church, presenting as the alternative a separation in case of refusal. The demand was of course refused, and we rejoice to learn that the North Western organ of that Church is ready for the division.

LEEDS ANTI-SLAVERY ASSOCIATION.

From The Leeds (Eng.) Mercury.

THE fifth annual meeting of the Leeds Anti-Slavery Association was held in the Town Mission room, Park row, on Friday evening, the 14th inst.; Hamilton Richardson, Esq., in the chair. Mr. Richardson said he had great pleasure in taking the chair, and was always glad to have an opportunity of assisting the Leeds Anti-Slavery Association. The duties of the evening were light. In holding their annual meeting it was intended to make it for the most part a matter of business, and, as other gentlemen would follow who might have interesting matter to state, he would not occupy time further than by saying that the subject of slavery was one of paramount importance, its abolition in every part of the world was highly important, but preëminently so in America. He was glad the subject in that country was assuming its true position, both as regards its political and its religious bearings. The whole community were becoming impressed with the evils of the system. There was no shirking the question any longer. Political parties and religious bodies, as well as individuals, must now decide either for or against slavery. The hitherto neutral and indifferent must now take sides—in the ranks of freedom or with its foes. Hence it became the duty of all friends of humanity to assist and encourage the Abolitionists of America. Help now was doubly valuable; affairs were coming to a crisis; it might now be the turning point of the struggle; and he trusted the tried friends of the oppressed in Leeds would continue their praiseworthy efforts. He was happy to say he had been a member of the association from its commencement, and was ready at all times to take part in its proceedings. Without trespassing longer on their time and attention, he would at once call on the secretary, Mr. Wilson Armistead, to read the report. The Secretary then read the report and treasurer's account.

After alluding to the continued smallness of the efforts of the Association in proportion to the magnitude and importance of the anti-slavery enterprise, which involves the interest of several millions of our fellow-creatures, the report speaks of the past twelve months as one of progress to the cause, though not unaccompanied with its discouraging points. Amongst these are mentioned the opening of the slave trade by France almost immediately after the Protestants of the country had signed a protest against slavery, to which upwards of 5,400 signatures were attached. To this the attention of the committee was early directed, which resulted in an union with the other British Anti-Slavery Societies in a deputation to Lord Clarendon, who assured them of his cordial sympathy. The French Government are, however, bent upon carrying out their designs, and the results are, as anticipated, of the most appalling nature. The course of peaceful commerce and agriculture, and the civilization so rapidly spreading along the western shores of Africa, have been materially impeded, and the slave trade has shown itself to be as great an outrage on human nature as ever. Amongst the encouraging signs of the times are mentioned the removal of Judge Loring from office by the Legislature of Massachusetts, for returning a fugitive slave, the probable admission of Kansas as a free State of the American Union, and some emancipation movements in the Dutch colonies. Also the cheering ray of hope which has unexpectedly burst forth in another part of the world, and it is suggested that our brethren of the liberty-boasting west may learn a lesson from the "Autocrat of all the Russias," who has decreed that the domestic slavery, which has been so long one of their most cherished institutions, shall no longer disgrace his dominions. After mentioning the steadfastness of the old and ever active anti-slavery veterans of America, the report alludes with rejoicing to the fact that some leaders of the evangelical denominations, who have not hitherto taken a decided part in opposing slavery, are now uttering a more sure and certain sound. It was a thorough conviction of the religious bodies being the upholders of slavery that induced the committee to present an address to the last Wesleyan Conference, who were expecting to receive two delegates from a slaveholding Church in America. In that address they earnestly entreated the Conference to bear an open and indubitable testimony against the system which their great and good founder pithily described as "the sum of all villanies." The Association have distributed several thousand tracts during the twelve months, and printed upwards of one thousand *Anti-Slavery Pilots,* which have been posted to every quarter of the globe. Several books have been added to their library, chiefly American publications, some of them of great interest. After alluding to an interesting interview the Vice-President and Secretary had with the Hon. Charles Sumner, the eloquent and fearless advocate of freedom, when he passed this way on his return to America to resume his seat in the Senate, the report mentions the forwarding of a box of articles as usual for the Boston Bazaar, which, with other contributions from other places, realized about $4,000. This is above the average amount

the enslaved millions of America, it could have procured fifty remonstrances to the Conference from as many anti-slavery committees. Such a demonstration would probably have kept the delegation out of the Conference, and prevented those false statements from being made which misled the Wesleyans in regard to American Methodism and slavery.

The New Broad street Committee is now and has long been the chief obstacle to the anti-slavery movement in England. The anti-slavery committees have, I doubt not, the humanity, the wisdom and the power to provide a remedy for so grievous an evil; and I trust they will, through the columns of the *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, kindly express their views as to the best course to be pursued.

I must postpone till another number some other thoughts I designed to suggest.

I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

EDWARD MATHEWS.

A CONTRAST.

RUSSIAN SERF EMANCIPATION, AND AMERICAN SLAVE POLICY: TOURGUENEFF AND EVERETT.

From The London Daily News, June 4.

WE had occasion to mention recently the position of the Russian Legation at Washington, where the Czar's Ambassador, lately so popular, could not put his head out of doors without risk of insult. We need not explain that the reason of the change is the Russian policy of serf-emancipation. Long before the last war exhibited the fact to all the world, it was no secret to well-informed persons that the Russian alliance was the favorite one in the United States. That it should be so was the most natural thing in the world. There is practically more resemblance between life in Russia and life in the United States than between that of either of them and of any other country. Under their respective despotisms their inhabitants bear much the same relation to public affairs, and occupy their days with much the same interests and amusements. The two countries agree singularly in their foreign territorial policy; and their intimate alliance has always been renewed and reinvigorated at all occasions of meeting in the heart of continents and in the far corners of the sea. The Czars have been affable patrons of American citizens, wherever such were encountered; and all the physicians, artists, diplomatists and other travelled Americans who have visited St. Petersburg have been eloquent, on their return home, on the graces of Russian hospitality, the virtues of the Imperial family, and the confidential admiration of the Czar of the day of American institutions. We need not add that the serfage and slavery of the two countries formed a peculiar bond between them. Their tacit compact to sustain one another against the disapprobation of the world was as special a ground of mutual attachment as "the secret known to all" of their policy in the North Pacific. It is true, that European observers have always seen that Russian serfage and American slavery were essentially different institutions; have always doubted whether the Americans would be ultimately satisfied with the respective shares of the game to be played from the opposite coasts in the North Pacific; and have long seen that each Czar made a convenience of his far-western ally by creating a commotion (always on the subject of pro-slavery policy) in the United States whenever he was about to make an attack on his neighbors' liberties in Europe. But, if some Americans perceived this, they were not statesmen who could bring it into practical notice. The displeasure or suspicion which should long ago have been excited by the flatteries and selfish cajoleries of former Czars is roused at last by the virtuous intentions of the new Emperor, who may fairly tell his American allies that, according to their own political theory and professions, they, above all men, should rejoice in what he is trying to do. Instead of applause, however, he meets only rage, disappointment and insolence—not from the nation at large, let us hope; but from those who represent the nation to him and to his embassy—the Congressional public at Washington.

Under these circumstances, there is something extremely interesting to observers, and as instructive as interesting, in comparing the career of a Russian and of an American statesman, both whose names are just now conspicuous in Transatlantic journals. The most cursory glance at the lives of these two men, scholars and gentlemen both, each a Minister of State for a part of his career, and each brought into prominence by the events of the moment which embitter the alliance of their respective countries, will show wherein the instruction and interest consist.

M. N. Tourgueneff was born into the class of serf-owners, and saw what serf life was during a childhood spent on the family estates. He studied at Göttingen, travelled in Germany, France, Italy and England; and returned to Russia with his countrymen after the peace of Paris, carrying with him, as hundreds of others did, those aspirations after liberty which became the great difficulty of Alexander for the rest of his days, and Nicholas for the whole of his reign. Tourgueneff was charged by Alexander with the business of providing for serf-emancipation; but he was his adviser in other matters also—a Councillor of State, Finance Minister, and the author of various books and state papers on economical and administrative subjects. When his health gave way, and he was ordered to the German baths, the Czar told his other Ministers that he would sacrifice everything to retain Tourgueneff beside him; that he knew enough of his opinions as a Liberal to destroy him, if he trusted his judgment to others; but that it was enough for him that Tourgueneff was an honest man. The Russian Minister Stein, whose amenities were scarce, declared that Tourgueneff's name was the synonym of integrity and fidelity. When he was departing, in search of health, his Imperial friend warned him against the infection of revolutionary ideas, so prevalent in foreign countries; while both were fully aware that the patriot's ideas could hardly be more liberal than they had always been known to be. During his absence, Alexander died, and Nicholas succeeded to the throne amidst a tempest of—not revolution, but demands of more liberties; and, among the rest, the emancipation of the serfs. Tourgueneff was at Edinburgh when he heard, by a sort of accident, that he was among the conspirators summoned to trial. The Russian sub-consul at Leith was invited to play the spy upon him, and indignantly refused. Mr. Canning received proposals to deliver him up, and returned no answer to that paragraph in the despatch. Tourgueneff obtained a promise from the Czar, through his friends at St. Petersburg, of personal safety if he appeared for trial, and he was starting for home when he was stopped by the Czar's withdrawal of the promise. Every movement of the patriot's life was known to Alexander; his love of freedom was the utmost that Alexander, with all his desire to free his serfs, could endure; and it was too much for Nicholas. From that time forward Tourgueneff was an exile. He has lived at Paris, giving his assistance to every effort for freeing slaves in any country where there were any, and rendering effectual service by his life-long knowledge of the institution, and his statesmanlike experience in dealing with it. At present the American newspapers exhibit a letter from him, full of instruction and of cheerful anticipation about the fulfilment of the great object of his life. His day of triumph has come, and his name will be immortally connected with the emancipation of the serfs of Russia, whether it takes place now or hereafter.

While Tourgueneff was sinking into proscription and exile, the American, Edward Everett, was coming forward, after a collegiate course in Germany, in the career of political ambition. So ripe a scholar, and a man of such winning manners, and so eloquent a gift of lecturing, seemed formed and trained for University life; and probably no one now so mourns as Everett himself that he did not rest in peace in the Greek professorship at Harvard, and become the chief of University Presidents in New England, and therefore in the whole country. But a lower ambition took possession of him; and he sacrificed much more than his university interests to go to Washington. With all his ability, he did not discern the true issues of the politics of his day; and with all his tendencies to irresolution, he did not shrink from a conflict to which he should have felt himself unequal. The slavery question has wrecked him, as so many others; and the more painfully because he had not the ignorance and audacity to propose a course on behalf of slavery. At the outset of his Congressional career, he said (being pressed, as a New England man) that in no cause would he more willingly buckle on his knapsack and shoulder his musket than in preserving their slaves to the Southern masters. When Governor of Massachusetts, he admonished the citizens to keep silence on the subject of slavery, "leaving it to an all-wise Providence" to abolish it without human aid. When Ambassador in England, he spoke of slavery as Englishmen do; and when Secretary of State, on his return, he wrote that extraordinary letter on the annexation-policy of his own country, which elicited the well-remembered epistle of rebuke from Lord John Russell (February 16, 1853). After rising thus far in death, if not in honor, Everett missed the great object of his life, and, instead of becoming President, began to sink; and now he has sunk so low that the barest mention of the facts is all-sufficient to indicate the cause. He had not courage to take his part with either section of the Commonwealth; and he mixed himself with both. He advocated the great Southern sham—the Colonization Society—in a public address in which he wooed the North by descriptions of the developed abilities of the negroes, which alarmed and exasperated the slaveholders, who do not consider the negro human. He propitiated the South, in 1854, by virtually upholding the Nebraska bill on the ground that the climate would exclude slavery, though the latitude is the same as that of Virginia and Missouri; and he evaded voting, on the plea of weakness from a spinal complaint inducing him to retire early. The subject of "back bone" has never been dropped; and the indignation of his constituents was so strong that he resigned his seat in the Senate. On occasion of the assault on Mr. Sumner—his fellow-citizen and friend, and the occupant of his seat in the Senate—he seemed to be strengthened to feel as a citizen of Massachusetts should; and he signed an address of sympathy, together with most or all other men of mark in the State. Presently after he began his series of deliveries of an oration on Washington, designed to raise funds for the purchase of Mount Vernon, the Washington estate. His oratory, not strong and clear enough for Congress, is a popular exhibition in the great country of lectures; and Everett has been in the habit of courting the multitude, and gratifying his own thirst for plaudits, by delivering his studied orations in an itinerant fashion, which makes his old college comrades blush. On the recent occasion he ventured South on the strength of the virtual support he had rendered to the slaveholders in Congress; and they greeted him at first as the Cicero of America—Patriot, Sage, Priest of the Union, Laudator of Washington, and so forth. But the signature in the Sumner case! Something must be done when that question was asked, or all would be over, and the Orator in peril; so his "most intimate friend" publishes Mr. Everett's own explanation—that he signed that document when he was "under the confusing influence of an anodyne." Mr. Everettt adds, that when he discovered the strength of the language of reprobation of the act of Preston Brooks, he wrote to friends in the Southern States to explain away his signature. Enough! The same newspapers which give us Tourgueneff's letter of exhilaration about freedom in Russia present us with Everett's dismal excuses for appearing to countenance the same cause in America. Verily, each has his reward!

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

THE IMPENDING FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

IF it be any consolation under a public calamity to have been true prophets of the evil which has come to pass, our readers can bear witness that we are entitled to it, having all along foreboded the issue of the Kansas contest in Congress. Abolitionists who have had their eyes on the look-out for twenty years and more for the signs of the times are but too sadly prescient of the result of any contest in which the North is engaged with the South—in which Liberty is at odds with Slavery. As History is only Philosophy teaching by examples, it asks but eyes and common sense to read the lessons of our history, which has had but one tale to tell for the last seventy years, or thereabouts. Perhaps there never was an example in which the despotic influence exercised by Slavery over our affairs was more plain for all to read than this last one. The public sentiment of the North was so strongly emphatic against the villany of this last demand upon its patience that its force was felt even by numerous political hacks who had been broken in to be driven in the harness of Democracy, whithersoever the Jehu on the box saw fit to direct them. Many, comparatively speaking, kicked out of the traces and bolted off the track, in spite of all that whip and curb could do to keep them straight. Nothing could prove the strength of the magnetic current streaming from the North more than the disturbance it produced at Washington among elements which it had been thought were as surely to be calculated upon as the stars in their courses. And yet the controlling force of Slavery was so great as to overcome all this resistance, active and inert, and to bring victory to itself out of the temporary confusion.

If President Buchanan and his Administration had set themselves to work, of deliberate purpose, to bring Republican institutions into contempt and to prove the American experiment to be a failure, they could not have proceeded more wisely with their work than they have done in the late campaign. The right of the people to self-government and to the choice of their own institutions being one of the axioms of our political geometry, the problem is worked out on a very black board, in presence of the whole world, after this fashion. The original promise which preceded the Constitution, and which, in common equity, was to be taken as an integral, if a tacit, part of it, and the distinct pledge of the honor of the South that this promise should be sacredly kept on one side of a certain parallel of latitude, having been both of them infamously violated for the sake of extending the domain of Slavery into regions solemnly dedicated to Liberty, the utmost efforts of the General Government and of the sectional factions which it represents were exerted to reduce this double lie into the fact of the institutions of Kansas. The opposition of the inhabitants of the Territory was of no account. Hordes of sordid barbarians poured into the devoted land from all parts of the South, but especially from its savage neighborhood of Missouri. Murder, arson, robbery, every outrage that could be offered to man or woman, waited on their destroying footsteps. They drove peaceable inhabitants from the polls, when the first steps were to be taken towards the organization of a State Government, and, by open violence and undisguised fraud, elected themselves or their creatures as the lawgivers of the Commonwealth about to be erected. So outrageous were the crimes of these miscreants, at this and subsequent periods of their proceedings, that the very creatures of Pierce and Buchanan, selected for their supposed fitness to assist in these villanies, turned away disgusted from their presence, and forfeited forever the favor of their masters by refusing to do their bidding.

The Constitution thus nefariously contrived, making Slavery an integral part of the institutions of the State, without power of amendment for nearly ten years, was adopted by means of the same force and fraud by which it had been initiated. The Territorial Legislature, elected by the same fraudulent violences, had before enacted a Code of laws, absolutely without parallel in the history of the world for despotic scorn of civil rights and for bloody cruelty of penalties—laws so abominable as to call down upon them the condemnation of a slaveholder like Crittenden and of a doughface like Cass. When the actual inhabitants and lawful voters of the Territory had appointed a Convention and framed a Constitution excluding Slavery, though deformed by a mean compliance with its spirit in the disfranchisement of the black man, and had adopted it, and its representatives met, they were dispersed by the soldiers of the nation, detailed to compel obedience to the behests of the Slave-mastery of the Government and the Nation. These troops have been keept on foot for this purpose only, and their officers have been changed from time to time to make them the more unscrupulously available. At last the execrable Lecompton Constitution was laid before Congress, and the concentrated energies of Mr. Buchanan's Administration were put forth to compel its acceptance. A servile majority in the Senate was ready to do whatever abominable service might be assigned them. A large majority of Administration men in the House seemed to make the victory an easy one there also. But the nearer vicinity of the Representatives to their constituents exercised so wholesome an influence over those from the Free States that a majority could not be commanded for the iniquity in its original blackness; or, rather, this pretence of public virtue was assumed and maintained until its deformity could be wrapped in some treacherous disguise and offered with some allurement of bribery to cover up the treason of the Northern deserters and to make the submission of the people of Kansas the more likely and the more contemptible.

Thus far the Slavocrats have carried the day. They refuse to grant to the inhabitants of Kansas a fair and unbiassed vote upon the Lecompton swindle. They are only to decide whether they will come into the Union with the advantages of a State Government—such as the one offered them is—or to stay shivering at the gate of the Union as a dependent Territory, subject to the laws now afflicting them, with a creature of the Slave Power sent down from Washington to administer the laws, and with Judges like Lecompte and Cato to expound them, until swindling tools of the Administration shall receive instructions to allow the presence of a sufficient population to entitle the State to a representative. With the Lecompton Constitution they have one Representative and two Senators at once, with less than fifty thousand inhabitants; without it they must wait until Federal officials are ordered to discover near a hundred thousand. With it they have offered to them lands with which to endow their schools, to develop their resources, to build their railways, and to promote their material prosperity in every way, only at the cost of their consistency and their honor. Without it they may have to stand for years a cold, dark shadow of provincial dependency, unilluminated by a single warm ray of National favor. Never was the devilish Machiavelism of slaveholding politicians made more manifestly clear than in the cunning villany of this proposition. Never was the function of the President of the United States so emphatically proclaimed to be but to register the edicts of the base oligarchy that rules our destinies, or his title so clearly read to be saluted as the Conservator of Slavery and Overseer-in-Chief of the Plantation of the Model Republic.

The question now is, what will the people of Kansas do in this distress? Will they yield to the specious temptation, accept the bribe and eat the dirt offered to them? Or will they reject it with contempt, and fall back upon their reserved right of such resistance to this tyranny as may be most wise in their circumstances? Their choice will be full of fate to themselves and perhaps to us all. They are now placed by Providence in the fore-front of the battle of liberty, and its issue may be determined, or at least affected, by their conduct in the post of honor. It is more than their own rights that depend on the courage and conduct which they display in the field so soon to be stricken. If she consent to be duped by the transparent cheat offered to her and accept the bribe of proffered acres, she stoops her neck to the yoke of Slavery and pledges herself not to attempt to rid herself of it for six years to come. We know that the false pretence is held out by lying Democrats, and even assented to by time-serving Republicans, that the people in their sovereignty can instantly call a Convention and frame another Constitution. But this can only be done by an open defiance of the very first principles of Constitutional Government. These teach that, under such governments, the sovereignty of the people is controlled by their own agreement, and that the polity is not to be changed, except according to the process prescribed by the Constitution. Any other change therein would be revolutionary and subversive of constitutional order. And it is not likely that the United States Government, with the whole power of the nation in its hands, and with a bench of Judges that takes its law from the power that made it, would suffer itself to be cheated of its victory by any such invention of its enemy. There are but two things which Kansas can do *legally*. One is to accept the land and the Lecompton Constitution and wait patiently while slaves are poured into her domain for six years, and then get rid of them if she can; and the other, to reject them both and remain a Territory, subject to the insolence of Washington understrappers sent to administer and execute the laws by which slavery is to be permitted to grow alongside of freedom, until the former is strong enough to make it safe for her to form a State Government.

And there are two *illegal* or revolutionary things which are open to her choice. One we have just spoken of—accepting Lecompton and its bribe and then breaking her promise and attempting to overthrow it; and the other to reject the offer of Congress and immediately organize their State Government under the Leavenworth Constitution (the best one ever made west of the mountains) and set the United States Government at defiance. We rather wish than hope that there may be virtue and spirit enough in Kansas to take this last and best course, though we are sure that it would be the wisest, the safest and the most effectual. The settled purpose of the slaveholders and their Government at Washington is to make Kansas a Slave State. They have already made it a Slave Territory, and they will not be robbed of their success and of the fruits yet to be reaped of their victory, except upon the compulsion of fear. There is nothing they so much dread as an actual rebellion or such a quarrel as this. To avoid such a collision, we believe they would have admitted Kansas with the Leavenworth Constitution before the session, just closed, was over, if they had seen that her people were in earnest as their fathers were in '76. Tyrants are always cowards, and the slave-tyrants above all others. Uncle Sam is a great bully, but a greater poltroon; and if the very least and youngest of his daughters will but shake her little fist resolutely in his face, he will succumb at once and let her have her own way, without hindrance or molestation. This mighty question is to be settled within the coming two months, and yet silence and apathy seem to have settled down over Kansas and the nation! We trust that it is but the lull before the storm—but the moment when men hold their breath before the joining of the battle.

DR. BODICHON ON THE MIXTURE OF RACES.

IT will be remembered that our Philadelphia correspondent, in a letter which appeared in THE STANDARD of a recent date, alluded to Dr. Bodichon, a French gentleman, of extensive scientific attainments, who has devoted much time, during a long residence in Algiers, to the study of the races that inhabit that country. The Doctor holds that the mixed or colored races are, in point of physiological development, on the whole, in advance of the original constituents from which they sprung. He was led to this conclusion, first, by his observations in Northern Africa, and was afterwards confirmed in it by his researches in other parts of the world. Its correctness has been denied by Gliddon and other pro-slavery theorists, and alleged facts in America have been quoted for its refutation; but Dr. Bodichon, who spent the last winter in New Orleans for the purpose of investigating the subject, says that the real facts of the case go to corroborate his theory. The best developed and handsomest women he saw in Louisiana were colored people, who had descended by various crosses from Spanish and African and French and African ancestors. These seem to grow there indigenously, while the white man is an exotic. The latter dwindles under a vertical sun, and flies at the approach of disease. The former is at home in the climate and walks the natural lord of the soil.

Dr. Bodichon has developed his theory in a work written in French and not yet published. His wife, an English lady of enlightened views, who comes to this country with letters from some of the best people in England, has, at our request, translated a chapter of that work for THE STANDARD, to which we gladly give place below. First, however, let us give our readers some further information respecting the author whose views it is our privilege thus to present.

Dr. Eugene Bodichon, although a republican, a reformer, and an advocate for the rights of women, is the only representative of a noble Catholic family of Brittany, twelve of whose members met with a violent death from their tenacious devotion to the cause of Louis XVI. Dr. Bodichon, as soon as his studies were completed, left France and made his home in Algiers, where he found greater freedom and a wider field of interest than in the old country. He held different medical posts under the French Government, which brought him into constant contact with the numerous native races. He also, for twenty years, gave daily gratuitous advice to great and small, black and white, generals and miserable negroes, Jews or Arabs, who, but for the benevolent Doctor, would have tried a charm or laid down quietly to die, surely believing it Alla's will. "Le pere Bodichon" is as well known in Algiers as the *Kasba*, and there is but one opinion about him—that he is a learned and benevolent man, too severely honest and too republican to meet with the success his talents command.

He is known as the author of four or five valuable works on the climate, animals, races, &c., of Algeria and North Africa, and one very highly esteemed political work, published in 1845, in which he prophesied exactly the *coup d'etat* of 1851. Lately this passage has been reprinted in the English newspapers, as one of the most remarkable political prophesies recorded in history. In 1848, Dr. Bodichon was in correspondence with the Provisional Government, and among other reforms he recommended the immediate emancipation of the slaves. It was done, and only good ensued. For seven months past he has been studying America, but intends returning to Algeria as soon as he has terminated his researches. Probably he may again visit our country, as he has become naturalized and is much attached thereto.

Extracts from "Etudes sur L'Algerie et L'Afrique," by Eugene Bodichon, M. D.

Dr. Bodichon, after speaking of the horrors of slavery in Africa and America, continues:

How is this scourge to be stayed? For centuries it will be impossible to prevent these atrocities in Central Africa. What influence can be brought to bear upon the Fellatahs, the Touarik and other barbarians, whether they inhabit the oases or the right bank of the Senegal? We must wait for the mysterious ways of Providence. Some crisis unforseen by man may suppress slavery in the interior. But out of Africa, in America, there are seven millions of negroes, either slaves or deprived of all their rights. To these a remedy can be applied. This remedy is to elevate the race from its inferiority by the intromission of new qualities; in other words, to cross it with the white race. If the governments, if the abolitionists, if all who feel in their hearts the horrors of slavery, would strive to bring about the mixture of races, then, after the first generation, a mixed race would spring up which would possess the qualities wanting in the negroes.

Suppose, in one or two centuries hence, the three millions of negro slaves who inhabit Brazil and the three million seven hundred thousand who inhabit the United States were replaced by mulattoes; then, most certainly, the new race, being endowed with new faculties, having the intelligence of the whites and the imagination of the negroes, would no longer need protectors.

This race would know how to conquer its liberty, and, in spite of the upholders of slavery, would constitute a mighty nation. Then it would be able to employ with effect against its oppressors the tongue and the pen as well as fire and sword, and both one and the other will be a just retaliation and a necessity. Undoubtedly the mixed race will successfully accomplish its social transformation and take and hold rank among the civilized nations of the earth.

In some of the river valleys of South America a nation of colored men will one day arise. There, like the ancient Egyptians, who sprang from a mixture of white and black, it will astonish our descendants by the wonders of its civilization. Brazil is a country which, it seems to me, is destined to present this phenomenon. The mulattoes of the Mexican-Anglo-American confederation and the Spanish islands will congregate together.

The white race lives and perpetuates itself with difficulty in the countries adjacent to the equator. It loses there its powers both of mind and body. Now, as these countries are magnificently rich, I am convinced they were not created to remain uncultivated and idle in the hands of the whites. By necessity, there must arise, in the course of time, a race adapted to them; this will be the colored race, because it does not lose its power of mind and body under the equator. It is not afflicted, like the white race, with enervating perspirations, diseases of the liver, and languor, alternating with over-excitement of the brain—in short, with deterioration in the moral, reflective and physical being. Cross-breeding is, then, the best means of emancipation and reformation. Statesmen who are truly philanthropic ought seriously to consider this.

Every year the number of colored people in Brazil and the United States increases rapidly. Good arises out of the licentiousness of the whites by the production of mulattoes. Thus nature, according to its systematic harmonies, makes use of corruption and the destruction of bodies to create a more perfect work.

* * * * * * *

Crossing improves races physically and morally.

Remark the following proofs.

The pure negro has woolly hair, retreating forehead, prominent cheek-bones, large and advancing lips, flat nose, the bones of the skull thick, small capacity of skull, anterior-posterior prolonged, the muscular system wants proportion, the skin black, exhaling a strong odor *sui generis*, the face something like the orangatan and the chimpanzee.

After the first cross with the white race, a part of these characteristics disappear. Thus the mulatto has long wavy hair instead of wool, the forehead straighter, the cheek-bones less projecting, the lips thinner, forming an arc, the nose less flat, the cavity of the skull larger, the bone of the skull not so thick, the whole body in better proportion, the skin a brown black, exhaling less odor, the features of the face resembling the Caucassian, and the moral and physical faculties increasing in number and activity. More crossing and the negro type is effaced more and more. In the fourth crossing the white type absorbs the black.

This improvement is not only with the negro crossed by the white, but exists among other races when mixed.

Thus it appears that the produce of the negroes and the American aborigines is a cross which, in physical and mental faculties, is superior to his parents. It is also true of the mixed race springing from the Chinese and Oceanians, whether it be the Malay or Japanese. The same may be said of the mixed race issuing from the Mongol and East Indian. The Kalmucs present more strongly than any other people the characteristics of the yellow race. Their eyes are small, and placed obliquely, something like the eyes of the wild boar, the nose large and flattened, the face flat, the ears very large and detached, like the ears of a fox, and the skin yellow. They are remarkably indolent and stationary. But when they are crossed with the East Indian, they produce a mixed race, morally and physically somewhat resembling the nations of Europe.

In the present state of ethnological science these principles may now be said to be established:

1. *When two races mix, the more beautiful reproduces its type in preference to the less beautiful.*

2. *Two ugly races mixing produce, nevertheless, a mixture more beautiful than their father and mother.*

This generic law ought not to surprise us, because nature tends without ceasing to perfectionate humanity.

Four generations of cross-breeding efface the organic characteristics of races.

Thus, firstly, from a white man and a negress is born the mulatto.

Secondly, from a white man and a mulattress springs the quadroon *blancmoir*, who has three-quarters of the white and one of the negro element imprinted on his whole organization.

From the white man and quadroon springs the *octavon blanconoir*, who has seven-eighths of the white element and one-eighth of the negro element.

Fourthly, from a white man and an *octavonne* is born a perfectly white man.

The same phenomenon exists in crossing black and white. The fourth generation reduces the white type again to the pure negro.

These facts were known at the end of the last century. Buffon quotes them without admitting their authenticity. As for me, I can affirm them to be true, for in Algeria I have verified them by the examination of many specimens of each kind.

The general rule is that four generations absorb a race. This absorption is not always constant and perfect. Sometimes it is irregular. Thus sometimes in the fifth generation the progeny of an *octavon* crossed with a white will show in its features something of its negro element. The form of the nose, for instance, may indicate the man of color. Sometimes there is a return in the grandchildren to the grandfather. Therefore, it sometimes happens, but these cases are exceptional, that in the fourth and fifth generations the absorption has not been perfect, but that a physiognomist can discover the origin.

After the facts which I have indicated in this chapter and in the former chapter, it is easy to perceive the great utility of cross-breeding.

It is the most powerful lever by the aid of which humanity will be lifted up.

By the mixture of the races civil and international wars will cease, slavery and the oppression of one race by another. It will bring about universal brotherhood amongst men. It will solve the question of acclimatization; for, in truth, a race which cannot perpetuate itself in a climate will be able to do so when it shall be allied by blood to the aborigines.

Europeans very rarely last three generations in Egypt, Abyssinia, India, Western Africa, between the tropics and in Brazil. In the majority of cases families are extinguished in the second generation. Now, if the Europeans in these countries could mix with the natives, they would propagate their race by means of a mixed race.

THE *News*, one of the London dailies—the one which, by reason of its independent position, its devotion to liberal principles and the preëminent ability with which it is conducted, leads all the rest—is also the one which is most sought in America and on the continent of Europe on account of its long-approved reliableness, and its thorough understanding and clear treatment of Foreign affairs.

We have selected from its columns of June 4th an article on Russian and American policy, which cannot be too highly commended, as showing, among statesmen, "who is fit to destroy and who to save a nation."

This judgment of another country, formed upon true and universal grounds, and thereby free alike from the fancied obligations of political adherence, the taint of provincial incense, the partiality of merely personal considerations, and the paralysis of inherited wrong, foreshadows that of posterity.

MEETING IN BUCKS COUNTY, PA.—A meeting of Friends of Progress was held at Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., on Saturday and Sunday, the 19th and 20th inst. On Saturday the number of persons in attendance was not large, but on Sunday the house was well filled. War, slavery, intemperance, sectarianism and kindred subjects were discussed. Benjamin Lloyd and Amelia A. Hibbs were appointed Clerks. Among the speakers were Thomas McClintock of Easton, Joseph A. Dugdale of Chester Co., Philip D. Moore of Newark, Edwin H. Coates of Mullica Hill, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. Allen of Philadelphia, Dr. J. S. Longshore, and Oliver Johnson of New York.

SAVING THE LOST.

WE have more than once spoken, in terms of hearty approval, of the efforts of the Children's Aid Society and other kindred institutions to rescue unfortunate children from those haunts of vice and crime which are the curse of New York, as of every other great city. These associations, in our judgment, are doing more every year to reform and bless the country than has ever been accomplished by the whole array of theological and ecclesiastical bodies, whose din and clatter so fill the public ear. Mr. CHARLES L. BRACE, the founder of the Children's Aid Society, in the course of a recent tour to the West to inquire into the condition of the objects of its charity, was greatly cheered by what he saw and heard. In a letter to *The Tribune*, dated at Chicago, May 13, he says:

"Before speaking of the particular institutions of reform at the West, it may be interesting to the thousands of your readers who sympathize in our own movements to hear of their working here. We have been, during this month, visiting and inquiring about hundreds of poor children whom Mr. Tracy has placed in homes in Ohio and Michigan. If those men and women in New York who labor year after year to pick out miserable little creatures from the gutter could only see the change in their *protégés* in their country homes, they would feel forever rewarded. Every one knows them in the city—ragged, dirty, vermin-bitten, sleeping in boxes or cellars, hungry and lonely. In the farmers' homes you will find them usually adopted as children of the family; ruddy, healthy, clean, going to school and working on the farm, perhaps each one having a pony or steer or dog of his own—calling the elders father! mother! and so growing up as children of Christianity, instead of ripening into city heathen. Two years ago the Visitor of our Fourth Ward School found a little girl of about nine years sleeping behind a doorway in a tenement house. She had been supporting herself for four months by begging and peddling, without a single friend or relative whom she knew, her parents having suddenly died. When taken to the school, she was filthy in the extreme, her hair so matted with dirt as to require entire cutting off, and her clothes mere rags. We visited her on this journey in her Michigan home. She was at school, and the good people told us they had made her one of their own children. When I asked for her at the school, a neat, pretty, well-dressed little girl sprang out and almost jumped upon my neck, with her eyes filled with tears. It was a most affecting experience, even to us who have become somewhat hardened. She spoke with great affection of her new home and friends.

"So of hundreds of others. Boys who were *waifs* on our streets, children of drunkards or ruffians, are now the new *sons* of warm-hearted farmers, growing up with as good chances as any lads in the West.

"Your readers will remember our enterprise last winter to find homes for seamstresses as servants in the Western States. We visited several of those sent out by the Children's Aid Society, who were all doing well—among others, a very intelligent, lady-like German girl, who is now seamstress and servant in a clergyman's family. She eats at the same table, sings in the choir with the daughters, and amused us for an evening by singing songs in various languages, and is altogether treated and respected as an equal. Before she came to our office, she says she had been three days *without food*, and at length, in despair, she went out and begged for sixpence of the first gentleman she met 'for bread to eat.' He pointed her to a house of ill-fame 'where she could earn bread enough!' She turned away bitterly wounded, when the man offered her money, which she angrily refused and then went back to her lodgings almost in despair. The news of our enterprise was the first ray of hope to her. She speaks now with the deepest religious feeling of the good Providence over her through all her keen poverty. Would not this alone reward the many labors and self-denials which sustained our Branch Office last winter?

"Among the children, our estimate thus far is that not more than *two out of a hundred* of those under sixteen turn out badly; and of those between sixteen and twenty, not more than *four per cent.* These wonderful results are to be ascribed especially to one great fact—that the Christianity of the West has taken up this matter, and is carrying it out as a serious duty. Among the 'Charities of the West,' there are none more noble, more self-denying and more useful than these quiet ones at home toward the poor and friendless of our cities."

AN APOSTATE CHURCH.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

A STRUGGLE among the friends of reform in the heart of Massachusetts, to free the Church of the guilt of its participancy in the crime of slavery, has met with its usual result. It may be interesting, however, to the readers of THE STANDARD to know that the laymen of the American Church cannot always wait for action in Ecclesiastical Councils, but are demanding action with an unmistakable voice. When this proposed action was discussed, the language used and the spirit manifested by the opponents of reform were vituperative and malevolent in the extreme. I should be glad to give you a full account of the proceedings, if your limits would admit of it. When Ecclesiastical Councils, or General Assemblies, in which our Churches are said to be represented, agree to fraternize with this great iniquity, "in view of the good to result from it to our Churches," we think it time for the laymen to wash their hands of this guilt; and how can it be done unless they withdraw their *support* from the Church?

This action was taken last January in the Congregational Church in Rutland, Worcester County, Mass., while yet they had no settled preacher, as it was thought a very favorable opportunity to try the sentiment of the Church while they were free from the influence of a minister. But, alas! while our hopes were high in the expectation that the enclosed preamble and resolution would be adopted, they were suddenly blasted by the reception of a letter from the Rev. David Burt, of Chicago. Mr. Burt had asked and received his dismission from the Church as a pastor, but still retained his membership. Learning that the Church were trying to bring its discipline to bear against the sin of slavery, he wrote a letter (in answer to one from a member), in which he told them that if they passed this vote, they would never be able to get a minister, or at least one who would preach the doctrines of the Puritan faith, but that they might get a Garrisonian or a Parkerite; also, that they would commit suicide as a Church, &c. This, of course, had its effect; doubtless many, who would have advocated and voted for the resolution but for this letter, used their influence against it.

We find a very strong prejudice in the Churches against what they call Garrisonianism. If one says that he don't believe a person *can* be a follower of the blessed Jesus and still hold his brother in bondage—if he believes it is sinful for a man to be a murderer, pirate, thief, kidnapper, or adulterer—if he says he believes Christ came to save the black man as well as the white, and that the white man has no right, under ANY *circumstances*, to deprive him of the means of grace—if he says he believes it *sinful* to hold this great system of abominations in *Christian fellowship*—why, they at once exclaim, "You talk like Garrison, and *he* is a great infidel." If one says that he cannot fellowship a system which annihilates all human rights and relations, and transforms men, women and children into "goods and chattels," which sinks those who are "created a little lower than the angels" to a level with beasts, it is at once intimated that he is an "infidel of the Garrisonian school."

If I am not mistaken, Mr. Garrison was brought up under the Baptist persuasion; and while he has no controversy with them about its being right or wrong to hold other Churches in Christian fellowship who believe in infant baptism, he does say that they do a great wrong when they extend the hand of Christian fellowship to those who *plunder the cradle of its contents*, and so THEY call him an infidel.

The following are the resolutions referred to above:

Whereas "God is no respecter of persons," but has "made of ONE BLOOD all nations of men," and in Christ Jesus "there is neither Greek nor Jew, neither Barbarian nor Scythian, but all are one"; and

Whereas it is the design of the Gospel to vindicate the brotherhood of the human race, to break every yoke, to seek and save the lost, and to "plead the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction"; and

Whereas there are four millions of our fellow-countrymen held in the galling fetters of slavery, as property and merchandize, to the scandal of the religion we profess, in violation of every command of the Decalogue, and every precept of Christianity; and

Whereas this awful system of oppression, which the venerated John Wesley truthfully characterized as "the sum of all villanies," is constantly lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes, and rapidly multiplying the number of its victims, and demanding unlimited extension, and impiously claiming to be divinely sanctioned, and seeking the destruction of whatever questions its rectitude; and

Whereas, it is the solemn duty of those who claim to be the followers of Christ, and members of his Church, to make an uncompromising application of the principles of the Gospel, and to enforce the most rigid Christian discipline to the practice of slaveholding, and to whatever gives its sanction to the slave system;

Voted, That no slaveholder shall be allowed to be a member of this Church, nor to participate in its communion; nor will this Church recognize as worthy of Christian fellowship any other Church or religious body that does not declare slaveholding to be in diametrical opposition to the gospel of Christ, and bring its discipline to bear against so heinous a sin.

The following petition was then read:

To the Members of the First Congregational Church in Rutland.

BELOVED BRETHREN: Believing as we do that the Gospel of our Lord and Savior is of Divine origin, that its pages were penned for our guidance, and believing that its Author will hold us accountable for the manner in which we treat its sacred truths, rewarding us for obedience and punishing us for disobedience of its commands—and believing, also, that the day is soon coming when, in giving up our account, we shall not be questioned as to the opinions of our ecclesiastical superiors, but in regard to the performance of our known duty—and feeling that to be justified in the sight of a holy, a merciful and a benevolent God is far nobler, and more to be desired, than the approval of man—and believing that our Savior, whose mission to our world was to "unloose the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free," demands that the same spirit be manifested in his followers—and knowing that he commands us to "love our neighbor as ourselves," to "do unto others as we would that they should do unto us," to "feel for those in bonds as bound with them"—knowing that the full belief and practice of these commands would free the millions now pining in hopeless bondage, enslaved for no crime except having been born beneath the power of so-called Christian tyrants—and knowing that it was the despised, the down-trodden and oppressed which received the compassionate assistance of our Savior, thus setting us an example—and knowing that the demands of justice and benevolence alike oblige the Christian to labor for the amelioration of all suffering—and believing that the system of American slavery is the "sum of all villanies"—and as the Church should be the light of the world, it should declare itself opposed to this monster evil—and believing that if the American Church did not uphold it, it could not exist, and consequently that it is responsible for its evils, and can only throw off this responsibility by openly and boldly denouncing it, by ceasing to fraternize and fellowship it, as it now does, through its ecclesiastical connection with the New School Presbyterians, by sending regularly delegates to its Assembly, composed in part of men who buy, sell, hold and whip their fellow-Christians—we feel that we are responsible for this iniquity so long as we countenance and support it, by our *presence* or *coöperation*.

In view of these facts, we pray that suitable action be taken to disconnect us from this organization, to which we are connected, through the Worc

by a still, gracious voice summoned to their beautiful life.

Men need salvation badly enough, but not a hypocritical disposition. It is not a vague, incomprehensible mystery to which they must give mechanical assent, but an awakening to the facts and duties of every-day life, a realization of the immediate presence and infinite goodness of God, a perception of the real worth of man, and the intertwining of human relations, from which spring the many duties of society.

In political organizations there seems a bottomless pit of corruption. So thoroughly is the heart of the community affected by the baleful influence flowing down from high places that men, otherwise intelligent and honest, seem to think that any enormity may be committed by a government with impunity. "Slavery is wrong—they are as much opposed to it as anybody—but they would not have the Union destroyed for the liberation of the slaves." Thus they ignore all principles of simple morality, and make commerce, or national power, or private expectation of gain, of higher import than the eternal Right. Men everywhere throughout the North seem to forget that Truth is imperative and must be obeyed; so they combine a very little truth with a great deal of fanfaronade, and try thus to ease their consciences—that is, those who try to ease their consciences at all. All the time they are striving with ludicrous manipulations to row in at least two directions.

The emancipation of the slave may take place before many years, through the selfish interests which true political economy suggests; or red-handed insurrection may hew a path through all obstructions, and, as of old, the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night may guide to the land of rest and freedom. This may be the swift revelation which America shall know. Otherwise, there seems but one way to overthrow this Titan wrong, with all evils which afflict and degrade mankind. That way is by continual appeals to men's sense of justice, their consciousness of individual responsibility, their reverence and faith toward God. They must be taught, by "precept upon precept," that the only priceless treasure on earth is godlike character, the only irreparable loss is of Truth and Love. We need to learn that we were made to walk alone, not to lean on any denomination, or creed, or man, but to stand erect in the majestic strength of a self-reliant spirit. The prevalent strictness of party ties must be snapped asunder by the inculcation of the truth that every man has the inalienable right, and is under imperative obligation, to think and speak for himself. Men should learn wisdom from outward nature, from the symbols which the universe contains, of free yet related action. The planets all move with ceaseless course about their central magic, each in its proper orbit, yet each related to all the rest, and, to a degree, dependent upon them. Thus ought men to go along in life, owning the gentle attractions and more urgent necessities which unite them in one system, yet rendering unquestioning allegiance only to the Central Love.

For their constant repetition of eternal principles, their unswerving adherence to the moral law in man's nature, their inculcation of personal integrity, individual freedom, the Abolitionists are entitled to the heartfelt gratitude of mankind. They may not have all truth, but what they have they nobly, fearlessly, powerfully publish to the world. Through their instrumentality, almost more than through any other human means, will the establishment of truth be effected in America. The purest truth is spoken by them, and this it is that will make us free.

A. S.

POLITICS.

John Letcher, M. C., is likely to be the candidate of the Democrats of Virginia for Governor at the next election.

Senator Stuart, of Michigan, will canvass that State this summer, taking anti-Lecompton ground, and asking a reelection to the Senate upon the ground that he opposed the Lecompton swindle in the Senate.

Lieutenant-Governor Selden of this State declines being a candidate for reelection, or for any office whatever. The Republicans were talking of nominating him for Governor.

The President, say the Washington letter writers, has been sorely vexed by the action of his own party followers in the Senate, they having been less tractable than he expected and spoiled some of his nicely arranged schemes.

A letter to the Missouri *Democrat*, dated Memphis, Scotland County, Mo., June 14, says: "David Cline, Free Labor candidate for Mayor, was this day elected over Phillip Payne, pro-slavery, by a large majority, and we intend to give a large majority in Scotland County for Free Labor in August next."

James B. Eads, having been nominated by the Buchanan Democracy of Missouri for a seat in the Legislature, has declined the nomination and avowed himself a friend of free in opposition to slave labor. He was a supporter of Buchanan in 1856. The free labor sentiment appears to be making rapid progress in Missouri, to the great consternation of the slave Democracy.

Mr. Montgomery, Democratic M. C. from the Washington (Pa.) District, has been renominated by his party, in spite of his persistent opposition to the Lecompton fraud. The tools of the Administration did their worst to defeat him, and they would have succeeded if the nomination had been made by a caucus; but the choice was by a direct vote of the constituency in the several townships, and Mr. M. received 1,500 majority over the Lecompton candidate. The Republicans will probably vote for him on election day.

The Republican papers are crowing over the bright prospects of their party in Illinois, where an enthusiastic State Republican Convention has lately been held. That Convention put forth a "Declaration of Principles," from which we copy as follows:

"We recognize the equal rights of all the States, and avow our readiness and willingness to maintain them, and DISCLAIM ALL INTENTION OF ATTEMPTING, EITHER DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, to assail or abridge the rights of any of the members of the Confederacy guaranteed by the Constitution, or IN ANY MANNER TO INTERFERE WITH THE INSTITUTION OF SLAVERY IN THE STATES WHERE IT EXISTS."

How long will the honest friends of freedom delude themselves with the idea that a party making such an unprincipled disclaimer is worthy of their support?

A Virginia Republican, writing in the *Evening Post*, urges the holding of the next National Republican Convention at Richmond. Such a measure, he thinks, "would exert many good influences." "It would silence the mad-dog cry of our being a sectional party." It would do this, of course, by showing itself *at peace* with slavery in the States, and opposed only to its territorial extension. *The Bugle*, alluding to this proposition, says:

"The Old School Presbyterians show their Christian liberality by going to New Orleans, the Democrats their patriotism by going to Charleston; and why should not the Republicans show theirs by going to Richmond? The difference in latitude between Richmond and Charleston is just about the difference between the Republican and Democratic parties in regard to slavery. So far as the recognition of principle is concerned, *both are south of the line of Freedom.*"

The (Richmond) *South* counsels forbearance toward Senator Douglas and his friends, in the hope of winning them back to the Democratic party. It confesses that if they shall finally be driven to act with the Republicans, the latter will control every free State and drive the South to the wall. It does not hate Douglas any the less, but loves the rule of the Slave Oligarchy more. "Impulses of personal resentment," says *The South*, "must yield to considerations of public policy. The interests of the party, the security of the South and the repose of the Union, depend upon the integrity of the Democratic organization in the Northern States." "We deprecate a division among the Democracy of Illinois, because the ruin of the party, the triumph of Black Republicanism, and the alternative of dishonor or disunion to the South, would be the inevitable consequence."

President Buchanan, says the Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*, is really worn out and sick, and begins to feel his years seriously. He is badgered unmercifully, and the practice which he has inaugurated of appropriating the whole patronage, in almost every shape and form, necessarily tends to augment his perplexities and increase the demands upon his time. At his age, Mr. Buchanan is unequal to these cares and harassing importunities, but the love of power, and the habit of receiving daily incense and homage, seem to have so far compensated for the penalties which they involved. Constitutionally phlegmatic, he does not feel as most men would do under such appeals, and treats them in the most systematic manner, as if no consideration but that of personal policy was at stake, and it required deliberation to weigh carefully all the operating influences. Much comment was lately excited on the Democratic side of the Senate upon discovering that all the recent diplomatic nominations were drawn up in the handwriting of the President. Whether it was his desire to relieve a clerk in the Department of State of this duty, or it was an adroit method of surprising his Cabinet, has not yet been ascertained, though the latter is supposed probable, since it is well understood that they were never consulted.

The Washington correspondent of *The Times*, speaking of the closing scenes of the late session of Congress, says:

"The last days of the session were, on the whole, unusually free from disgraceful occurrences. The session came in like a lion and went out like a lamb. Keitt, the notable, deserves especial praise. He was gentlemanly to the last, nor to appearance was in liquor to an appreciable extent. To tell the truth, and the House generally will bear me witness, since Mr. Keitt had his wholesome collision with Grow, he has improved in his manners wonderfully. The comments of the civilized press upon that affair have had an excellent effect upon him. He has made friends during the winter with many Republicans, and has discovered that they are not all monsters. It is doubtful if henceforth Keitt is not to be reckoned among the Union-savers.

"There was Shorter, of Alabama. At the beginning of the session he considered it an act of wickedness to bow to a Republican. He insulted the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. But, at the close of the session, he has become the companion of more than one member who hates slavery, and he parts regretfully from many of his Republican friends. These are but specimens."

Joshua R. Giddings addresses to his constituents, through the *Ashtabula Sentinel* of last week, a letter in which he speaks of his public career as now drawing to a close. In the commencement he adverts to "the consideration that this may be the last time" that he shall address them in this manner; he then reviews at some length the history of the slavery controversy, especially during the last session of Congress, and concludes as follows:

"It is an enterprise eminently worthy of a Christian people, and appropriate to the age in which we live. It is too important in its consequences, too vast in its results to be consummated in one generation. Many of you have entered upon life since the commencement of this reformation, and those who were there at the noontide of their earthly existence are now watching the descending sun as it draws near the horizon of time, and others who toiled in the heat, and bore the burdens of the day, have passed on to their reward. To you who survive I tender cheerful and heartfelt congratulations upon the progress of our cause, its present state and glorious prospects for the future. To have participated in this patriotic mission of peace and justice on earth, and liberty to all men, must be far more satisfactory to you than the conquest of armies or the destruction of empires. I can myself no longer participate in those exciting conflicts, so common in bygone days; nor is it important that I should live to see the consummation of this great work. *It will go on.* As I witness its progress my heart swells with gratitude to Him who assigned my existence at this period of the world, and to my fellow-citizens who have so often commissioned me to represent them in this work of redeeming our country from that despotism which has long controlled its Government. My prayer is and shall be for *equal justice and universal liberty.*"

PERSONAL.

Carl Formes is spending the Summer at Dr. Munde's Water Cure, at Florence, near Northampton. An attack of bronchial catarrh has compelled him to relinquish his projected concert tour to the West.

It is stated that Professor Agassiz is going to France, to consider the Emperor's proposal to him to accept the Directorship of the Museum of Natural History at the Jardin des Plantes. The inducements held out are very tempting.

The London papers report that the long talked-of trial of John B. Gough *agt* Lees (for libel) would begin about June 14. Mr. Gough has retained the services of Mr. Edwin James, Q. C., and Dr. Lees is to have the legal assistance of Mr. Bovill, Q. C. The damages are laid by Mr. Gough at £1,000. As a large number of witnesses will have to be examined, the trial may last some days.

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, as a mark of her appreciation of the distinguished scientific acquirements of Professor Faraday, has presented him with a residence at Hampton Court, and has given directions to have it furnished at Her Majesty's expense. This is the second tribute of royal respect to the sciences allied to the profession of medicine; the first being that of Professor Owen, the Cuvier of England.

Joshua R. Giddings, in consequence of ill health, left Washington for home just before the time fixed for the adjournment of Congress. After his arrival, learning that the session was to be prolonged and that the subject of the visitation of suspected slave vessels was expected to come again before the House, he hastened back to his post, that his vote, in any emergency that should ensue, might not be wanting.

Mr. Connelly, of whose release from prison our Cincinnati correspondent gives us so interesting an account in another column, returned to this city two or three days since and resumed his former place in *The Sun* newspaper. The United States, at the expense of $5,000 to the treasury, succeeded in mulcting Mr. Connelly in a fine of $10 for giving shelter to two fugitives from the great and blessed institution of slavery. What an achievement for the Model Republic! "Hail Columbia!" The fourth of July, just at hand, will afford opportunity for patriotic exultation in view of this magnificent victory over treason and fanaticism.

Robert Dale Owen, formerly editor of the infidel *Free Inquirer* in this city, afterwards member of Congress from Indiana, and now U. S. Minister at the Court of Naples, has been converted, so the papers say, to the Christian religion, but to what form thereof, Catholic or Protestant, is not stated. We only hope that his conversion is of a sort that will not spoil his natural humanity. Skepticism with philanthropy is better than a merely conventional and sentimental piety.

The Rev. William E. Watkins, formerly of Baltimore, died at Toronto on the 11th inst., aged 57 years. He was a man of high intellectual and moral qualities, and his decease will be widely and deeply lamented. In the early days of the anti-slavery movement he was a frequent and an able contributor to the columns of *The Liberator*, under the signature of "A COLORED BALTIMOREAN." Some years since he removed to Toronto, in the hope that a residence in a free country would augment his happiness and prosperity. He has fallen a victim to consumption, induced, perhaps, by the rigor of the Canadian climate.

The Virginia *Herald*, on the authority of a "reliable gentleman who has recently been North," states that "the noted Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave obtained in Boston only at the point of the bayonet, and who was afterwards purchased and set free, is now in the Penitentiary of Massachusetts for the crime of robbery!" It is not credible that such an event could have taken place and escaped the notice of the Boston press. The last we heard of Burns, he was in an institution very unlike the one mentioned by the Virginia *Herald*—the seminary at Oberlin. Can anybody give us reliable information of his whereabouts?

The Tribune says that the numerous friends of Mr. Sumner will be glad to learn that satisfactory letters have been received from him, dated the 1st of June, written on board the Vanderbilt in the English Channel. The voyage had been a pleasant one, although rougher than was to have been expected at this summer season. Mr. Sumner had borne his passage better than on his previous voyage, and was hopeful that a few months would exterminate his deep-seated trouble. On the day after that on which he wrote he expected to sleep at Rouen, in the shadow of its ancient Cathedral.

A FAILURE.—The *Kentucky News* states that an effort, some time since projected, to establish a pro-slavery press in Newport, opposite Cincinnati, with a capital from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars, has, so far, failed to unite the slave interest in the enterprise.

"It was supposed that every slaveholder in the vicinity and those of wealth in all parts of Kentucky would become stockholders in the concern and sweep the *News*, like a torrent from the Alps, into the forgetful deep. But this has not been the case. How many more terrors will be set up to frighten the people we shall not attempt to predict; but, strange to say, in some neighborhoods the Slave Power has managed to keep up the *belief* that the *News* would be discontinued every month for the last eight years. Yet, to the thinking portion of our citizens, no better evidence was wanting than such actions to prove that no such idea existed with the manufacturers of those stories. When this Mammoth Steam Printing House is established to strengthen the Slave Power in Kentucky, we will advertise it to let its friends know that it is here. Slavery will never regain its lost power in Kentucky."

THE MORMONS.—The reports from Utah are in some respects quite conflicting, and it is believed by many that the Mormons are pretending to be peaceable only to gain time to fortify themselves for a fight hereafter, when they can take the United States Government at a disadvantage.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. July. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

Our favorite child still continues worthy of us. The article on the Tract Society shall be transferred to our columns in proof that the same thing shall be complimented in one place as wit, good sense and Christianity which in another shall be condemned as madness, fanaticism and infidelity. In spite of what we said last week against indiscriminate eulogy, we now find the common formula of American critics very fit for our own use, and cry "good" with the best of them, leaving it to *them* whether the word, as applied to this article, be not taken quite out of the category of platitude and goodyism, and endowed with all the force of an epigram.

Read the paper of Epitaphs. They go to the heart. Of all literature, none more truly illustrates life than this literature of death. One seems to have lived and loved in those same old times; and the practical effect is to lengthen our own lives by knowledge and sympathy. That man is as good as a thousand years old who can go back as far by force of heart and historical memory.

Do not skip the history of the Campaigning Princess, who lived and battled in France at the period when the idea of moral battle was beginning to be thought of, as the true ordeal, in the Massachusetts Bay plantations. There is the making of a true pictorial historian in that writer. It is a pleasure to see him deal with the stream of time—as an artificer of water-works who has taste and practice in his element—making it

"Shake out its loosening silver to the sun."

This it is to have been an omniverous reader of French memoirs, and the like pleasant literature, long enough before writing for the ingredients to have become well combined.

Again we must seem inconsistent in our poetical as well as in our prose appreciations; for (recollecting Mr. Charles Mackay's course in regard to his and our British heritage of freedom, to which THE STANDARD of that date called attention, upon observing that the very points of the compass were no longer the same to him here as at home), we hunger and thirst, as after righteousness, for *one verse more* to the

BRAVE SINGER OF THE COMING TIME.

"Brave singer of the coming time"—
Bound for the Southern land of slavery!—
As they that watch the hour of prime
We looked to see thee *show* thy bravery.
Alas! amid post-prandial cheer
The cowering Northman feared to show it!
Alas! he lost his bearings here!—
'Twixt "North" and "South" what course to steer
He durst not sing—alas, poor poet!
Our "Freedom, leaning on its spear,"
Looked blandly on, *and did not know it!*

And now see what a delusion one may be carelessly carried along with, by the popular voice, which is, to begin with, the mere expression of those who will not be at the pains of forming their own opinion. Mr. Charles Mackay is not a poet: he is only a clever weaver of stuff to a philanthropic pattern; and when he remembers to mislay his pattern, the very benevolence that would have spared him is obliged to be true to itself and human nature by taking away his prestige.

THE ESCAPE; or, A Leap for Freedom. A Drama, in five acts. By WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, author of "Clotel," "Sketches of Places and People Abroad," etc. Boston: R. F. Wallcut.

So many of our readers have heard this drama read in public by the author that a particular description of it in these columns is unnecessary. It is enough to say that it is highly creditable to the author, without reference to the color of his skin. As the production of a fugitive slave, who never had a day's schooling, it is indeed a wonder. Much skill is displayed both in the conception of the plot and in the manner of its execution. The main features of the drama are true, many of the incidents being drawn, the author assures us, from his own experience of eighteen years at the South; and some of the characters are fugitive slaves now living in Canada. As an illustration of the talent which slavery so often "crushes out" in the persons of its victims, and as a means of enlightening public opinion in relation to the great crime of the age and the country, this work deserves an extensive circulation.

AUNT SALLY; or, the Cross the Way of Freedom. A Narrative of the Slave-Life and purchase of the Mother of the Rev. Isaac Williams, of Detroit, Michigan. Cincinnati: American Reform Book and Tract Society.

This is the story of a remarkable slave-woman, not embellished or wrought up for effect, but told as nearly as possible in the words of the woman herself. There is no reason to doubt the entire truthfulness of the narrative, which is stranger, in many of its incidents, than many an anti-slavery fiction. The story was penned by Miss E. D. Proctor, of Brooklyn, and is intended to be introduced, as far as possible, into Sunday School libraries.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 735, reproduces "The Private Journal kept by Adam Knight, on a journey from Boston to New York, in the year 1704," first published in 1825. It is a deeply interesting narrative, throwing much light upon the condition of the country at that early period, when Boston had only 10,000 inhabitants and New York but 5,000, when the land was almost entirely covered by dense forests, and when Washington, Franklin and Dr. Johnson were not yet born.

We are glad to learn that this admirable literary miscellany, under the new arrangements lately entered into for its publication, is rapidly extending its circulation. Stanford and Delisser, 508 Broadway.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

CINCINNATI, June 17, 1858.

ON Friday, the 11th instant, the term for which Wm. M. Connelly was imprisoned (twenty days) expired, and in the evening a procession of between two and three thousand Germans marched to the County Jail, to escort him home. They were preceded by a band and an American flag, behind which were two carriages, in which were Judge Stallo and a number of the personal friends of Connelly. It had been a wet day, and in the evening there was a drenching rain, yet this did not appear to dampen the enthusiasm of the multitude. Amid the cheers of the people Connelly was taken in one of the carriages and escorted to the Turners' Hall, a long line of torches gleaming through the hazy atmosphere. At the time of arrival at the hall the rain was pouring down in torrents, but the enthusiastic Turners seemed to care little for the rain without, while lager beer, music and speeches entertained them within, the hall. Here Connelly made a speech, in which he expressed his gratification that the great German heart was still true to the cause of freedom and humanity. He claimed to have descended on one side from the old Scotch Covenanters, and on the other from the Scandinavian stock, and to have inherited the love of freedom from both. He said that had he *known* the colored people he had sheltered to have been slaves, he would not have refused them shelter and food, even had he been sure that the gallows would have been his recompense.

He then alluded to the unfair and illegal manner in which the prosecution against him had been conducted, the principal evidence adduced against him being the letters he had written to Judge Mathews, the prosecuting Attorney, the production of which in Court was a dishonorable violation of confidence. He then went into a general review of slavery and its effects upon the North and South, and concluded by expressing his gratitude for the sympathy which had been evinced for him, his acknowledgments to the counsel and friends who had stood by him, and left the stand amid the cheering of the assembly. Judge Stallo then addressed the meeting in German, after which Connelly again took the stand and read extracts from the *Daily Herald* of 1847, '48, edited by Stanley Mathews, in which the Democratic party was denounced and the duty of assisting fugitive slaves urged. Mr. George Thompson, who was imprisoned for five years in Missouri for assisting fugitive slaves, then addressed the meeting, and, after a few speeches by Germans, it adjourned.

During Connelly's imprisonment he was occupied most of the time in writing, and to-night delivers a lecture in one of our public halls upon the "Underground Railroad," a subject which, it may be presumed, he is familiar with. The Germans of this city, like those of Missouri, are generally in favor of freedom and vote with the Republican party. Those who adhere to the pro-slavery Democracy are, almost without exception, Roman Catholics, who are much more slow to take an independent stand in favor of freedom than Protestants or foreigners of no particular religion.

The Hon. J. J. Crittenden is expected here on Saturday, on his way home from Washington, and public meetings have been held here and in Covington to make arrangements to give him a public reception, on account of the stand he has taken in opposition to the President's Lecompton policy. Americans, Republicans and anti-Lecompton Democrats are expected to take part cordially in this demonstration. Hon. Thos. Corwin made a speech at the preparatory meeting here, in which he praised Crittenden in the most eulogistic terms, saying that, from twenty years acquaintance with him, he knew him to be a most incorruptible patriot, an honest man, a great statesman—in fact a model of a noble-minded, *national* Senator. He added that the stand he had taken in favor of Kansas had made him unpopular, to some extent, at the South, and that therefore we should honor him as he deserves. Mr. Crittenden, no doubt, has been a sincere and earnest opponent of the Kansas frauds and enormities, and I suppose sympathizes with the Free State party, and *so far* as he has shown himself to be in favor of freedom should he be honored for it, and no farther. As a reliable friend of freedom, he cannot, for a moment, be compared with Seward, or Hale, or Wilson. Where, indeed, is there a Southern Senator that the friends of freedom can trust? Yours, P.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION FESTIVAL.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to cooperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their cooperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

Summary.

Oberlin College has 845 students, 341 of whom are females.

Married, in Gibson County, Tenn., on the 10th ult., Mr. Dennis Thompson, aged 93, to Miss Sarah F. Koonce, aged 13 years!

The Comptroller-General of Georgia has decided that where any slave is permitted to hire his own time, the slave shall be bound for the tax of $100, and can be sold to pay it, if the owner or hirer fails to do so.

EXTRAORDINARY PRICE.—A sale of negroes took place at Cassville, Ga., on the 26th ult., at which a man of 24 years old brought $1,404; a boy of 12 years, $1,000; and a girl of 13 years, $1,101. The sale included a large lot, and the prices all approximated those named.

Sidney Webster, Esq., of Boston, who was Private Secretary to President Pierce, has been appointed to be a Commissioner of the United States, in place of Judge Loring, recently selected to fill the vacancy in the Court of Claims, occasioned by the death of Judge Gilchrist.

JOHN G. WHITTIER ON THE TRACT SOCIETY.—John G. Whittier writes to the editor of *The Liberator:*

"Congressional Border-ruffianism pales before that of the Tract Society. But if it calls out a few such speeches as Dr. Cheever's, it will only hasten the day of deliverance."

Five hundred dollars reward is offered in the New Orleans papers for the capture of two runaway slaves, one of whom is described as follows: "Aged about 24 years, bright color, 5 feet 6 inches high, light hazel eyes, pug nose, curly hair, white teeth, has a blush in his face when spoken to; always well dressed, and frequently walks with a gentleman's cane."

AN OLD NEWSPAPER.—The Newport (R. I.) *Mercury* completed the hundredth year of its existence last Saturday, having been started by James Franklin, the brother of Benjamin Franklin, on the 12th of June, 1758. The *Mercury* signalizes this anniversary by an interesting historical sketch, and issues a *fac simile* of the earliest perfect copy of the paper which is extant—being the 27th number, printed Dec. 19, 1758.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD—NORTHERN DEPOT.—The Petersburg (Va.) *Intelligencer* is responsible for the following:

"It is rumored that several prominent Abolitionists in the City of New York are concerned in the late attempt to abduct slaves from Virginia. It is said some startling revelations will be made, in a few days, that will play old havoc with the 'Underground Railroad' arrangement."

STRAW OVER-SHOES.—A patent has been granted to a citizen of Utica for a new kind of over-shoe, designed for persons travelling by sea and land. It is made of braided straw. Straw being a non-conductor of heat, the natural warmth of the foot is retained, without being subject to dampness by the foot sweating, the straw being porous, and either absorbing the dampness or allowing it to pass off.

The speech of Mr. Burlingame, in the House of Representatives, on Saturday, upon the subject of recent British aggressions, if we may judge by the brief report forwarded by telegraph, is not at all creditable to that gentleman's head or heart, and will, we opine, give far greater satisfaction to the Democrats of the "North End" than to the sober, serious, thinking men of his district.—*Massachusetts Spy.*

The Board of Education received, last evening (June 17), a communication from the City Superintendent, from which it appears that the female public schools in the city are of a considerably higher grade than the male schools; that their superiority is not limited to particular branches of study, it being as great in mathematics as in most other branches. Eighteen girls' schools are superior in average attainment to the best boys' schools.—*Tribune.*

The contractors will make a desperate effort now to establish Salt Lake as a great military depot, with a view to carrying forward the munitions and supplies needed for an active campaign. If this project be successful, the expenses would be inconsiderably reduced as between peace and war. Interests, amounting to several millions, are at stake, and every appliance will be brought to bear on the Department and the Administration.

HON. Edward Brooks, of Boston, who has just returned from Europe, has brought with him a highly valuable original portrait of Benjamin Franklin, which it is his intention to present to the City of Boston, to be placed in the Public Library Building. The portrait, which is remarkably correct and lifelike, was painted in 1779 by the eminent French painter, Duplessé. Its original possessor was Consul-General Barnet. Mr. Brooks obtained it from a French gentleman, in whose possession it had been for twenty-two years.

MR. GIDDINGS.—The Washington correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* writes:

"The House was surprised on Monday to see the venerable Giddings in his seat. He left for home some weeks ago, not intending to return this session. But he has spent so large a part of his life in Washington that he found himself uneasy at home, with Congress still at work. He was warmly congratulated by his friends. The old hero should be kept here till he dies. Few men are as useful as he—scarcely any have been *proved* so faithful.

THE MISSISSIPPI TEN MILES WIDE.—The steamer Silver Lake now plies regularly between Burlington, Iowa and Oquawka Junction, the present western terminus of the Chicago and Burlington Railroad—a distance of nearly ten miles. The railroad track is at the bottom of an ocean of water for a distance of ten miles. This new steamer is now a regular railroad packet, connecting with morning and evening trains. Captain Willoughby reports that the shallowest water he met with on Monday was four feet, and the river has risen half as much more since.—*Oquawka Spectator*, 11th.

GREAT ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.—*The Times's* correspondent at Naples says that a great eruption of Vesuvius took place on the night of May 27 and 28.

Streams of lava were seen issuing from several craters as liquid fire, in various directions. The entire valley of the Atrio appears as a mass of fire. The inhabitants of the houses and villages which lie in the direction of the descending current of lava were seen carrying off their furniture and all movables of value. If the lava continues its present course to the sea, it would traverse the Castellamore Railway, and destroy part of the town of Portici.

A WRETCH!—The Norwich (Conn.) *Courier* relates the following:

"Harlan Hyde, of Greenville (part of Norwich), lost his third wife one year ago. About a week since he went to the cemetery, dug open the grave, opened the coffin and took out—what!—a set of false teeth, for the sake of the gold plate! Hyde confesses, and justifies himself. He is about fifty years of age, a house carpenter by trade, in comfortable circumstances as to property, and a member of a Christian Church. It is currently reported that he tried to get the teeth out as she lay dead in his house before the funeral, but the rigid muscles would not relax. The women of Greenville are tempted to tar and feather him."

MAYOR'S COURT, ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY.—Commonwealth vs. Loveland and others, charged with an attempt to carry off slaves. This case, says the Norfolk and Portsmouth (Va.) *Herald*, was transferred from the city to the Isle of Wight County, where the offence was committed. On Friday morning the prisoners were brought before Archibald Atkinson, Mayor, for examination, and, after patient investigation of the case, which lasted until 12 o'clock at night, his Honor concluded to send the prisoners back to Norfolk jail, to be there kept until the session of the Circuit Court of Norfolk County, and then to be tried. The free negro, Thompson, was sent on for trial, and is retained in Isle of Wight jail. The prisoners were ably defended by counsel from this city and Isle of Wight. They were brought back to this city (Norfolk) on Saturday, and are now in jail.

"THE OLDEST CLOCK.—The oldest clock in America is one in the Philadelphia Library, which is nearly two centuries old. It was made in London, keeps good time, and is said to have been owned by Oliver Cromwell."

The above is from the *Palladium* of Saturday evening. The statement is incorrect. The writer is the owner of a clock made in London A. D. 1509—three hundred and forty-nine years ago—seventeen years after the discovery of America by Columbus. Its frame is of English oak, rudely carved, but in a good state of preservation.

The machinery, of course, exhibits some marks of the "tooth of time," but a small expense of labor and skill would enable this cotemporary of old Harry the Eighth to make a good start again in the world.—*New Haven Palladium.*

"THE HISTORY OF SLAVERY" is the title of a new work, now in press, containing 900 royal octavo pages, giving a clear and succinct history of the rise and progress of slavery from its commencement in the world down to the present time. It gives the different forms of slavery under the different governments of the world—speaks of the attempt made in the earlier days to reduce to slaves the aborigines in this country—of the introduction of slaves into the British Colonies—of the horrors of the African slave trade, &c., &c. This work is intended to be an impartial history of slavery, and is just such a book as every man needs, and should have. In it will be found facts, relative to this matter, very difficult to be obtained elsewhere. We advise every man who wishes to be "posted" on this subject to take advantage of the earliest opportunity offered to obtain a copy of this work.—*Wyoming (N. Y.) Mirror.*

BRINGING AN OBSTINATE JUROR TO HIS SENSES.—The Santa Cruz *Sentinel* gives the following account of a method adopted recently in its town to overcome the objections of an obstinate juror:

"Persuasion and starvation are the approved common law methods of producing the above result; but a novel method was lately tried in this town. By some means a fellow juror, an utter stranger to all his brother jurors, was placed upon the jury, who dissented from the verdict agreed to by the other eleven. They came to a joint conclusion of Guilty without delay, but the stranger pertinaciously held out against them. After an hour of argument, with no avail, it was at last proposed that the jury should return a verdict of 'guilty by eleven jurymen, who believed the other one to be a confederate of the prisoner, and as great a rascal.' This ended it; stranger saw twenty Vigilance Committees in his mind's eye, and in five minutes the jury unanimously returned a verdict of guilty."

CONVENTION PROPOSED.—William H. W. Luke, on behalf, as he says, of "a goodly number" of free people of color in Campbell Co., Ky., calls (through the Newport *News*) upon the colored people at the North and South, and East and West, to hold a "great meeting" in Cincinnati, about the 25th of December next, "to devise some plan for the earliest and best mode of colonizing the free blacks in the United States; believing as we do that they will astonish the world, when encouraged to form a Republican Government of their own; that they will grow wealthy and become proud of their own nationality." He wants "the whites, friendly to their nationality, to meet with them, to hear their views, propositions or suggestions, and then and there devise some plan having in view the different places for emigration, adjacent to, if not a part of, the United States."

MANUMISSION.—We notice in the Cincinnati papers an account of the manumission of two slaves this week. Hannah, formerly the slave of David Jameson, of Memphis, Tenn., was emancipated by her master. She was sent to Cincinnati for this purpose, and is represented as a dark negro woman of about the age of forty years. The other, a man of about thirty-two years, formerly claimed by T. C. Atkinson, of Memphis. He was emancipated by his sister, Alice Williams, who purchased him, to secure his freedom, for $950, which sum she has been accummulating for that purpose ever since she became free, some nine or ten years ago. Both the parties are very light colored, being almost white. The woman is represented as genteel and intelligent; certainly she has proved herself a true and faithful sister.

The Church and Government of this country enslave such men and women as these, in the name of Christianity and Democracy. Let this not be forgotten.—*Bugle.*

TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF.—The Congressional frank, we have been informed (but with how much truth we will not pretend to say), was taken advantage of a few days ago for the subservance of a purpose entirely foreign to the intention of the "M. C." who honored the envelope with his signature. J. Glancy Jones sent here, on Saturday, for distribution through the Harrisburg post-office, a perfect avalanche of Lecompton documents. Some wags, as the story goes, got hold of them, and, taking the envelopes which enclosed these electioneering missiles, after abstracting the contents, used them and the frank of Jehu for the purpose of sending off documents of an entirely opposite character. It is said more than one hundred anti-Lecompton documents were thus distributed, and the recipients of the favors will, doubtless, wonder whether the Hon. Jehu has not changed front upon the absorbing question, and is now seeking, by this means, to atone for his former misrepresentation of Pennsylvania sentiment.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

KIDNAPPING.—On Monday last, Mrs. Bonner, wife of Matthew Bonner, residing in the lower part of the city, was arrested upon a charge of selling a free mulatto girl, three years old, in Louisville, some two months since. It appears that a white woman brought the child here from Vicksburg, and, after staying a while, left it with a Mrs. Haney. She stated that the child was free, and that its mother was dead. Mrs. Haney gave the child to Mrs. Bonner, who took it to Louisville and sold it to a family about to remove to Missouri, for some $250. Officer Akers got an inkling of the matter some time since, and last week hunted up in Louisville sufficient evidence to convict Mrs. Bonner of kidnapping. She was arrested on Monday, and, being taken before the Mayor, was held to bail in the sum of $500 to await her examination at 2 o'clock, p. m. Her son went upon her bail bond. At the appointed hour Mrs. B. "came up missing," but the officers were confident that they would succeed in arresting her. The child is in Kansas City, Missouri, and a very general desire has been manifested to have an officer go there and recover it. We have no doubt this will be done.—*New Albany (Ind.) Tribune*, 10th.

QUINCY'S LIFE OF ADAMS.—At a stated meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society at their rooms, on Thursday, the President, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, presented an assignment to the Society, by the venerable Josiah Quincy, of his interest in the copyright and stereotype plates of his just finished "Life of

Miscellaneous Department.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF ELLIS GRAY LORING.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

ONLY the good can be beloved,
As thou wert loved while here;
Only the pure and kind can be
To memory so dear.

And if we fondly now recall
The beauty of thy smile,
It is because the heart's warmth gleamed
From lips that knew no guile.

Only the true are trusted well,
As all men trusted thee;
Thou wert their steady pilot-boat
Through many a drifting sea.

Thy deed forever went beyond
The word sincerely spoken;
And never, mid thy many cares,
Was any promise broken.

Serene and tender in thy home,
Childlike and wise alway,
Thou wert the greatest unto those
Who knew thee ev'ry day.

O, steadfast friend! the hour of need
Best proved thy priceless worth;
Unchanged through all the changing years,
There's no such friend on earth.

Thy thoughtful mind, from year to year,
Increased its treasured lore;
The more men knew thy cultured soul,
They honored thee the more.

But thou wert great in higher ways
Than books can ever teach;
Thy moral courage rose above
Mere eloquence of speech.

For ev'ry principle of right
Thou wert so gently brave,
The world could never make of thee
Its plaything, or its slave.

Of all good gifts thou hadst large share,
So balanced in degree;
Thy life was like a pleasant tune,
That moves in harmony.

Thy spoken word and acted deed
Have helped the world to grow;
Ages to come will be more blest
For seeds that thou didst sow.

And thus thou art immortal here,
As in the realms above;
For God's eternity is given
To truthfulness and love.

THE CACTUS.

For The Standard.

THERE was once a very beautiful garden, wherein were gathered trees and flowers from all parts of the world. There were the waving palms and the slender mimosas; there were the still pine woods, where the feet of the little children fell noiselessly on the carpet of fallen leaves, and the breezes sighed and whispered among the boughs. There were stately avenues of oaks and chestnuts, and verdant lawns crossed by rippling brooks and bounded over by herds of swift-footed deer, and a placid lake, on whose bosom rested bright green islets, and whose waters were gemmed with the white stars of the water-lily, and which washed the shore—

"Eddying in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow twigs to lave,
And kiss with whispering sound and low
The beach with pebbles white as snow."

Thither were sent flowers from all climes. In the parterre were broad grass-plats, in the midst of which fountains leapt and sparkled in the sun-light or the soft beams of the full moon. There were arbors overgrown with vines, and tall laburnums hung their golden chains, while the white magnolias shone out from the dark green leaves. The humming-birds and the butterflies hovered over the place, darting from flower to flower, and the birds filled the air with their delicious music.

There were the lilies—the fierce tiger-lily and the pure white, and, sweetest and fairest, the

"Wee flower o' the valley, wi' blossoms o' snaw."

Here heliotropes breathed forth their sweetest incense, and pansies brought their brightest thoughts, while the modest blue forget-me-not smiled up to the heavens. Side by side grew, and were loved and tended, the blue hare-bell and heather of bonnie Scotland, the English roses, the Dutch tulip, and the fleur-de-lys of France.

But in truth the roses were the pride of the garden, and around their queen, a moss-rose of perfect beauty, bloomed the Burgundy and the Provence, the pilgrims from the vale of Cashmere, the English sweetbrier and the stranger from our Western prairie.

One day the gardener and one of his assistants came into the pasture, bringing a plant which presented a most unsightly appearance.

"Here," said the gardener, "we will put it near our queen rose. It is a new subject from far-off Africa; I trust it will have a kindly welcome."

But the flowers cast scornful glances on the poor stranger, and indeed it was not fair to look upon. It resembled long green sticks of a triangular shape, and was covered with reddish hairs. "Humph," said a tall princess-feather, "how rough and vulgar the creature looks!" "Poor ignorant thing," sneered the poisonous monk's-hood—"entirely destitute of religious instruction, doubtless." "What a low, cowardly creature," blustered the gladiolus, and held its lance-shaped leaves more stiffly and gave its helmeted head a prouder toss. The tulips stared and the poppies grew red with anger, while the haughty dahlias and the stately lilies drew themselves up in disdain, and the roses threw up their branches in horror at the sight.

But the mignonette and the violet smiled on the forlorn stranger, and the harebell gave him a merry nod, while a sturdy wild rose of New England stood up manfully and vowed it was a sin and shame to treat a fellow-flower in that way. Whereupon the monk's-hood declared him an atheist and a traitor, who would destroy all religion and overthrow the foundations of society.

Day after day passed by, and many were the insults which the Cactus bore in meekness and humility, which at length won the hearts of some of the flowerets who lost sight of the dark and ugly outside in the thought that it was a creature of the same family as themselves, smiled on by the same sun, breathing the same air, and looking up with love and gratitude to the same Heavenly Father. And now the hot July sun glowed upon the garden, and the rose-leaves began to fall and the stately lilies drooped.

One day the gardener came to look at the cactus, and he said, "Ah! it is budded; ere long it will be a mass of blossoms."

And the flowers all laughed and said, "How can flowers grow on that ugly stalk?"

And so time wore on, and all the length of the stems were swelling buds, not fair and graceful like the opening fuschia, or bright and lovely like the rosebud, but stiff and straight, winning no admiration from those around.

But the violet said, "Wait awhile—the flower may be better than the bud"; and the wild rose spoke bravely in its behalf.

One starlight night, the Angel of the Flowers passed through the sleeping garden. Myriads of fireflies were glancing among the trees, and on a bank of violets the glow-worms lit their tiny lamps. Upon the moss-rose sat a nightingale, singing his sweet, sad song. All the flowers drooped their heads in slumber but the marygolds, who were sending up their tiny sparks of fire into the still air. The stars glittered in the sparkling fountains, as they fell plashing in their marble basins, and the statues of nymphs and goddesses gleamed still and white from the dark foliage. The angel stood beside the cactus and breathed upon its swelling buds. Slowly they unfolded, and when the glad sunlight streamed up from the glowing east, sending a flood of light on the quiet garden, making the dew-drops sparkle on the leaves and grass, and rousing the birds to sing their matin hymns, it shone upon the perfect flowers. One by one the flowerets opened their lids and gazed about them, and their eyes were all bent upon the despised cactus. Its ugly stems bent beneath the weight of the glorious flowers. They were large and spreading, the petals pointed and of a glowing red, darkening toward the centre, which was a vivid green. The stamens hung beyond the edge of the corolla and formed a tassel of surpassing grace. And as the fading monk's-hood and the falling lilies, and the roses that every breeze was strewing on the ground, beheld the glory of the despised and rejected thus made evident—when they saw that while their own strength and splendor were passing away, this newer strength and richer beauty were unfolding—they bowed their heads in humiliation and shame.

And as the Flower-Angel floated upward in the serene light of the early morning, she softly whispered, "Oh! my Flowers, my charge, equally dear are ye all, of whatsoever hue, of whatsoever clime. Ye are all of the same race, the same family, with one common God and Father. Brothers and sisters in nature, be ye also so in love and kindness."

CRAG-FAST.

WE have lived so long, my brother Frank and I, in the grand hill-country of the north that its great gray giants have long ceased to be held by us in awe; our reverence for them is not one whit diminished, but our fear is fled. Their crowns, hidden in cloud, their huge fern-covered shoulders, their mighty girdles of melancholy pine, are our glory still, but are no more threatening than their slopes of pasture-land, and woods that stray down to the margin of the lakes. Even in winter-time, unless the hill-fog be hanging thickly, or the blinding snow be whirling, we should not hesitate to cross the highest gap in Westmoreland, or find our way to Keswick by the Fells. From our nearest mountain-top we can see the road to it, and track it almost all the way, bridging the rivers and fording the rills, and winding round mere after mere, until, a thin white streak, it climbs the furthest ridge, and comes, we know, unawares on the little town. As the crow flies, we are not ten miles from it; but a man cannot reach it in eighteen miles, nor a horse in twenty-eight. Many a time, since Harry left us, have Frank and I gone thither and returned in the same day, partly to get little luxuries that are not in our far-away mountain home; partly from the exceeding beauty of the way itself; and partly, it may be, to keep his memory green who is no longer with us.

A score of summers have brought bird and butterfly into our happy valley, and set the bee roaming on the hills since last our Harry took that walk with us—but we do not forget it. The fair June morn, the quarter which the gentle breeze blew from, the coombs wherein the shadows of the clouds lay—we remember all. Harry was beautiful, which we are far from being, kind and accomplished almost as a girl; but he was weak in health, and had to battle for dear life through every winter. Supple of limb when well, and strong in spirit whether well or ill, he wanted care, and we were not good nurses. We did not lack in love, but in "the reason firm, the temperate will," which have been so often found of late in the gentler sex, soothing, controlling, saving so many of their soldier brethren. What our poor brother fixed his wishes on, we had no heart to refuse. He was, we felt, and everybody but himself knew well, but for a little while on earth, and not, therefore, to be denied a pleasure lightly. He would walk to Keswick—that he had determined on—the next time Fred and Frank went, and designing there to sleep that night, we suffered him one day to go with us. We chose our time during a series of unbroken fine weather; no rain had fallen for weeks throughout the district—"fair" said the shepherd's weather-glass, and "fair" said Michael Gwain, the shepherd, when we started that morning, we two with knapsacks, and Harry with his alpenstock, up the bed of the empty beck. It had been rifled of its silver treasure by the sun, and the crags stood out bare and smooth where the waters had roamed at will. Silence had usurped the seat of song; and the stones that had held their summits highest above the strife, like many a human head that proudly lifts itself above the battle of the world, displayed their stubborn breasts, riven and worn enough. Two deep cut channels alone marked the spot where the twin torrents had lately met; and a little tree that overhung it, and was wont to be kept green by the rainbow-tinted spray, was dying fast; the mighty stepping-stones, fit each to cover a heroe's grave, were useless, and felt no footsteps. It was dry even beneath the little bridge where the trout were used to make their ceaseless circles in the pool; the dead fish were lying on either side in their beautiful armor, never more to slumber in the brown depths, or to wag a lazy fin upon the surface; they had trusted to have escaped the evil eye of the sun. One by one, the sheep wandered up and down with piteous bleat, and we ourselves, with head inclined and hollowed hand, could find no drop of water.

Our progress up the broken way was slow, and on the steep path beside it the parching earth was hot beneath our feet; and the fern, the moss-knots, and the heather, crumbled into dust within our grasp. One of us has reached the summit; that shout of triumph carried over the hills about proclaims it, and that one is Harry; because he had less breath to lose than any of us, he must of course needs scramble up the first, and hollo. And indeed there is something glorifying in having gained the top of a high hill; when the breeze of the mountain first blows on a man's brow, one may generally know it by other signs than a mere ruddy cheek; the voice is more still than usual, but what beauty or wisdom it has to speak we seem to get there above all places; the freshness that falls on the senses sheds dew on the heart, and the thoughts that lie deepest spring up and blossom into speech; the world's cares and crosses seem all left below, and fade away far in the distance, while beneath us is spread the glory of the earth. When to us the town lies in silence, and the sail turns not on the hill—when the spade, the pick, and the clanging factory send up no murmur—when the glancing river moves not on, and the oar of the sailor is dumb, and thronged city and desolate sea alike give forth no sound: from the Isle of Man in the far westward, and along the open sparkling sea, our eyes came back to the dear valley at our feet, the tranquil lake with its green-wooded islets, wherein another heaven seemed to smile, another sun to shine; the rich low meadows round it sprinkled thickly with cattle, the farms of dazzling whiteness, the low-roofed cottages of unmortared stone, and the vane of the gray old church beaming above the slumbrous yews like fire. All men may not be moved so, but I think it is thus with most of us who think; and it was so certainly on that day with our dear Harry: never was he so animated, enthusiastic, eloquent as then; we might have almost known, had we been long enough in the old north country to imbibe its creeds, that mischief was therefore in store for him. On we went, mile after mile, over the dry morasses, where the streams no longer pushed their sluggish way through the black mould, and the tufts of heath were withering. We lay down often under some huge crag, from which the goat fled, scared, or the rock-raven slowly soared herself away on mighty lustrous wings—for the heat had become intense—to rest. Panting on the short brown grass, with our faces heavenward, was as good as lotus-eating; the warmth of noon and the quiet of night reigned jointly upon these lofty heights, where the murmur of the bee alone seemed to thread the silence.

Here we passed strange-shaped crags, which once, the legend went, were mortal men tranced by wizard spell; here, rock-rent chasms, where the fiend was said to dwell in winter time; and here we came upon some desolate tarn, needing not romance to heighten its lonely terrors—where Solitude seemed sister to Despair. Meanwhile, the faint air had no breath save that which came in fitful feverish gasps, and died away; the blue sky became islanded above us by a huge black cloud, and our thirst grew insupportable. After a rest somewhat longer than usual, we caught the glimmer of a falling stream, some half-mile off, but separated from us by uneven and rugged ground. And "Who drinks first?" exclaimed Harry; and "I," and "I," we answered, and each took his own way with a cheer, and started at racing speed for the welcome gill.

By this time the last wandering cloud had joined the threatening mass that hung swollen and dark above us, like an impersonation of wrath; and one instant the sunlight gleamed over the landscape, and the next the shadow overcast it, as fever flushes a sick man's brow. Mountain-top could not be discerned from cloud, and the blackness of night was gathering, when on a sudden the heaven burst into flame, and the earth glared and reddened to meet it. The pent-up thunder broke forth at the same instant, and rolled out again and again before the first echoes had died away upon the hills. A few big drops fell on my forehead, and then a living wall of rain moved swiftly against me. It fairly beat my breath out, and I could hardly raise my eyes to see the glory of the tempest, the sheet after sheet of lightning which seemed to wrap the dead earth round, while the thunder hymned its terrible requiem.

Faint, weary, and wet as I was, a great joy seemed to depart when the storm ceased, which it did almost at once. Never had I seen Dame Nature in a more awful mood; scarce ever, too, under a more lovely aspect than when the sun smote through the cloud-rack, throwing broad veils of silver over the green hillsides, and setting great crowns of pearls upon their heads; intertwining the hair of the pine-woods with strings of diamonds, and awakening a thousand becks which ran straight to the valleys in song. Frank was already at the goal, and welcomed me with shouts of triumph. He had taken across the marsh as I had done, but by a securer track. Harry, who had chosen the outer edge of the table-land, along the cliffs, had not yet come. We waited for some time impatiently, for the afternoon was by this time far advanced; and when we went back to seek for him, it was with beating hearts. Neither whispered to the other his secret fear; but we read it plainly enough in each other's eyes. What if that glad laugh-music should be never heard again? if those noble eyes should be glazed in death, and the beautiful face be marred by those cruel cliffs? and with the thought arose the look of his fond mother in the hour when we should bring her lifeless darling home! Not till we had peered down every cliff and gill, and searched over the treacherous bog in vain, did Frank, with a face I shall never quite forget, approach the verge of the precipice. If our Harry had fallen there, indeed all hope was over. But no; thank God, there was no terrible thing in that green valley—no one dread spot, such as I once have seen, whereon the eye is riveted at once—a knot of clothes, with the evil birds clanging around it. We took the same perilous path which the lost boy had taken, where the height above and the depth below were a burden to our brain, and presently we found the narrow footway broken down before us. It must have been a daring foot that would trust itself to leap to the other side, and but a slight form whose weight could have there alighted in safety. A few feet further on, the goat-track—for it was nothing more—was resumed, and rounded, out of our sight, an enormous rock. Frank was foremost, and leaped the chasm without an instant's thought. No courage, no self-sacrifice, could have induced any man to do so who had hesitated for a moment. The ground gave way with him, and he fell his whole length down, still clinging by his hands, however, to the firmer part. Agile and wary as a panther, he had done his best to guard against this danger by coming down on all fours. I bid my eyes in terror as he clung spasmodically for a few seconds, and collected all his strength for a spring upwards; and when I looked again, he was in comparative safety. There was an impassable barrier of some eighteen feet of sheer precipice between him and me; he rounded the point before him, and a cry of gladness assured me that he had at least found Harry alive. I clambered back again with difficulty, to see whether I could get down to them from above, but it was not to be attempted. The great rock jutted out right over them, and there was no pathway round it from the other side at all. Whether the track had ever been continued further, I could not tell, but it now led clearly into a complete *cul de sac*, from which there was no escape unless by wings.

To be starved to death, or to be dashed down the steep by the first wind, seemed to be the inevitable fate of my poor brothers. Frank's voice came up from the abyss, and somewhat calmed me. "Harry has fainted with terror," he said; "I have no doubt his head failed him at this spot. We cannot round the rock again from hence, but there is room enough to stand, and even to sit here, for both of us. Do you, Fred, go down to Borrowdale at once, before it gets dark, and bring up with you at daylight half-a-dozen strong men, and all the sheep-ropes you can get together: and pray Heaven send us a calm night, and that our Harry may be yet preserved to us."

With a heart-felt injunction to the brave fellow to be of good courage, and to rely on me, I started on my errand of life and death. A frantic anxiety urged me to fly like the wind, and the most dangerous paths seemed to have lost all their terrors; but one false step, or even a slip to sprain an ankle, would be, I knew, destruction to those dear ones on the steep; so I chose my way with caution, and did not reach the valley till dusk. The greatest eagerness and sympathy were at once manifested; we collected plenty of the great cables used to extricate the crag-fast sheep, and came up with the earliest streaks of light in a great company. We could see the rock plainly enough from Borrowdale, but not the two figures crouching under it; no heath-flower bloomed above it, nor bush nor tree over its stern seamed visage, and its wrinkled brows seemed to overhang the height with a consciousness of cruel power. It was not so easy, however, to find it from above; and having omitted to leave a man below to direct us, we wasted some precious minutes. At last we came upon the spot, and heard brother Frank cry out to us in a sad voice: "He is alive, for he still breathes; but that is all."

The dreadful hours passed in company with his poor charge had evidently shaken even his fortitude. It was arranged that many smaller ropes should be taken down with the rescuer, in case they needed both to be secured to the cables. We twisted three of these last, for greater security, into one. No one opposed my natural entreaty to be permitted to be lowered first; but I saw the shepherds shaking their heads, as if they doubted my being of much service. Ten or a dozen attached themselves to the end of the tether, and I was fastened to the other, in a loop, which formed a sort of seat. A long staff was given me to keep myself off the face of the precipice, and then they let me drop downward. Lower and lower, and out of their sight, I sank slowly, but not without much motion. It required all my attention to prevent dashing against the crags: if I pushed off gently, I hit them again at once; if I gave a bold thrust, I was turned round and flung upon them backwards. Presently, I sank below the level of the rock under which my brothers lay, and saw them. Harry was resting in the other's lap, with a corpse-like face, and quite motionless, as one to whom no hurt could happen more, and whom no power could save. Frank kept his eyes toward the stone and away from the dizzy height, and he did but glance at me for an instant, and then resumed his position.

"Get back, Frederick; get back, for the love of Heaven. Let the best shepherd amongst them take your place; and even then, I fear we two shall never see home again." And indeed it required far more skill than I could boast of to get such a momentum as might carry me into the crevice, and still less could I have snatched a hold that might have sustained me there. I gave the signal to haul up, and told the men how matters stood.

"Was Mr. Frank sufficiently master of himself, and safely situated, to draw a man in by one of the lesser ropes, if such could be thrown to him?" they asked. I answered "No," and it seemed greatly to disconcert them. The lightest and most agile of the party, however, volunteered to do his best, and over he went, as I had done. He required much more rope this time, in order to get a sufficient swing on it for his purpose; and those who were not engaged in holding fast could see him strike out and return to the face of the cliff quite clearly. After one or two tremendous strains, the rope suddenly slackened, and we knew that he had found foothold somewhere underneath. I don't pretend to say how it was done, for it seems to me to this day to have been a miracle of mercy: I only know that the next haul of ours brought up the shepherd with Harry, yet alive, within his arms; and again, that the fine fellow was let down, and came up with my good, brave Frank in safety. He was not much less changed to look at than his charge. Anxiety and despair had done, it seemed, the work of years with him; and we had to carry the one, and lead the other's uncertain footsteps home.

Weeks passed away before the strong man grew himself again; and for the delicate boy, a sick-room was his prison for months. The exposure to the night air, after the pelting storm, had overtasked his lungs, and his sleep was long disturbed by what he had suffered; his thin white fingers would clutch at empty air, in dreams, and his brows grow damp at the imaginary abyss that seemed to yawn beneath him. The events of that awful time, indeed, haunted his memory by day and night to the last; but he never recalled them without the deepest thankfulness. "I die amongst you all," he said, "safe—safe, dear Frank, at home." And he left us before the winter came, when all beautiful things were decaying and about to perish likewise. For us, although we yield to none, by this time, in tracking the wild fox to his lair, and the raven to her lofty nest, we never pass that rock upon the Fells without some awe; nor without a thought, I trust, of the great Providence which there was manifested, whereof the ungraven steep itself stands an eternal witness.—*Chambers's Journal.*

ANCIENT BURIAL CUSTOMS.

MRS. STONE, in the chapter (of her work on Churchyards) in which she treats of the change from the heathen to the Christian view of death, notices some of the pleasing customs that were early connected with Christian burial, informing us that the dead were clothed in new white garments to signify the putting on "the new clothing of incorruption"—that lights were carried before the dead as symbols of the glory to which they aspired—and that the corpse was usually carried to burial, not as now, by hired men, but on the shoulders of friends, bishops even officiating in this capacity for persons of distinction, and deacons carrying deacons, and priests becoming bearers of priests. She omits, however, to notice that man was borne *upon men's shoulders* to signify his dignity and superiority, while woman was carried *at the arm's end* to signify that, being inferior to man in her lifetime, she should not be equalled with him in her death. The invidious distinction did not cease till woman, by a monastic life, had obtained that honourable esteem in the world which is naturally her due.

Places of interment, before the Christian era, were, all but universally, without the city walls. One of the original laws of the twelve tables ran thus: "In urbe ne sepelito, neve urito—Let no one bury nor burn in the city." The wholesome practice was soon invaded by the operation of Christian sympathy, on the one hand, and of superstition on the other. On the causes of this change, Mrs. Stone's book is comparatively full and satisfactory, although here, as everywhere, we have so often to rest content with her *ipse dixit*, no authority being given. One of the principal causes was the passionate desire that actuated the early Christian community to have their bodies interred near the resting places of martyrs, or of eminent saints. Churches (Martyria, Prophetein, Apostolica) were early erected over the remains of such persons, "and close, as close to these as the law would permit, as devotion could earn, as interest could achieve, did persons earnestly and emphatically seek interment," because of the holiness their remains were supposed to impart to the place. Another cause may be found in the belief that early prevailed in the efficacy of prayers for the dead. That large numbers sought interment in churches, or around them, because the sight of their tombs might move the living to say prayers for their souls, is indicated by the form of inscription, all but universally adopted, when interments first took place in churchyards, "Pray for the soul of A. B., who deceased on such a day, of such a month, in such a year." And yet another cause may be found in attachment to the places where they had worshipped. "The ancients ordered their cemeteries near the church to confess their faith that, where they had heard preached the doctrine of Christ, they awaited the resurrection of their bodies, and that they regarded death as a sweet sleep, and the grave a bed of rest." These desires opened the way to great abuses, which the clergy often worked, to the profit of the church. Too often it was only those whose executors came up to the price of the priest who were granted burial within the church. Mrs. Stone says, "there were various degrees of honor within the church walls; as, for instance, the place for rectors and vicars was near the altar." We doubt the accuracy of this. A spot in the church was allowed for, and was common to, "*episcopi, aut abbates, aut digni presbyteri, vel fideles laici*," but not near the altar, though nearness to this was an object of desire and ambition, in consequence of its situation to the eastern end of the church, and was sometimes obtained by exorbitant payments. Those not buried within the holy walls were interred in the court of the principal entrance to the church, *in atrio*, or in the passages or halls, *in portico*, called *paradise*, or in the recesses of the walls, *in exedris*. These places were preferred to the yard, *area*, of the church by the vast majority, but not by all, as is testified by a verse on the tomb of one Docton, by the chance door of Hartland Abbey church, Devonshire—a verse of which our authoress has quoted somewhat differently, perhaps from some other source:

"Here I lie, outside the chancel door;
Here I lie, because I'm poor;
The further in, the more they pay;
But here I lie, as warm as they."

Mrs. Stone gives a curious and apt illustration of the desire to be near the holy dead in modern times, in the dying requests of the admirers of the saintly John Bunyan to be buried as near as possible to the place of his interment. So numerous have these been that it is not now possible to obtain a grave near him, the whole surrounding earth being entirely preoccupied by dead bodies, to a very considerable distance.—*London Inquirer.*

COUSIN ROBERT.

O COUSIN ROBERT, far away
Among the lands of gold,
How many years since we two met?
You would not like it told.

O Cousin Robert, buried deep
Amid your bags of gold,
I dreamt of you but yesternight,
Just as you were of old.

You own whole leagues—I, half a rood
Behind my quiet door:
You have your lacs of gold rupees,
And I my children four.

Your tall barks dot the dangerous seas,
My "ship's come home"—to rest
Safe anchored from the storms of life
Upon one faithful breast.

And it would cause nor start, nor sigh,
Nor thought of doubt or blame,
If I should teach our little son
Our Cousin Robert's name.

That name—however wide it rings,
I oft think, when alone,
I rather would have seen it graved
Upon a church-yard stone—

Upon the white sunshiny stone
Where Cousin Alick lies;
Ah, sometimes, woe to him that lives!
And blessed he that dies!

O Cousin Robert, hot, hot tears,
Though not the tears of old,
Drop, thinking of your face last night,
Your hand's pathetic fold:

A young man's face—so like, so like
Our mothers' faces fair;
A young man's hand, so firm to hold,
So resolute to dare.

I thought you good—I wished you great;
You were my hope, my pride:
To know you good, to make you great,
I once had happy died;

To tear the plague-spot from that heart,
Place honor on that brow,
See old age come in crowned peace,
I almost would die now;

Would give—all that's now mine to give,
To have you sitting there,
The Cousin Robert of my youth—
A beggar with gray hair.

O Robert, Robert, some that live
Are dead, long ere grown old:
Better the pure heart of our youth
Than palaces of gold.

Better the blind faith of our youth
Than doubt, which all truth braves:
Better to mourn—God's children dear,
Than laugh—the devil's slaves.

O Robert, Robert, life is sweet,
And love is countless gain;
Yet if I think of you, my heart
Is stabbed with sudden pain:

And as in peace this holy eve
I close our Christmas-doors,
And kiss good-night o'er sleeping heads—
Such bonny curls! like yours—

I fall upon my bended knees
With sobs that choke each word—
"*On those who err and are deceived*
Have mercy, O good LORD!"

—*Chambers's Journal.*

ART IN "GOD'S ACRE."

THE condition of our churchyards has been a national disgrace; and although it, as well as that of our new cemeteries, is improving, there is large room yet for progress; in no respect more than in that which pertains to landscape gardening. Notwithstanding the abuses to which artistically-planted cemeteries are liable, most men and women have come to feel that "a cemetery full of natural beauties is a fit entrance to paradise," that it is better that God's acre, sown with seed for eternity, should be a garden than the bleak, bare spot it so often is—that, when the winds of heaven pass over it in the seasons of bloom, they should be laden with fragrance, and that in bleak, cold winter they should sigh the memory of the departed through the branches of evergreens. This is not simply a matter of sentiment, though, on that ground, it is to be defended. With the rustic adornment of our places of interment, very much of the old feeling that was inseparable from death, so long as it was accompanied only with gloom, will die out. A beautiful burying ground does much to remove the unreasoning sadness in which a grim theology has shrouded over the love of God, and the way to the grave. It speaks to the intellect and the sentiments. It was of death that the old churchyard spoke, but *this* proclaims the resurrection—the body sown, the spirit raised. Mrs. Stone's very best chapter* is entitled "Flowers on graves," though she has omitted to give us Leigh Hunt's charming observations on them in these localities. "Sought for," as she says, "in every pageant of life, from the cradle to the tomb, flowers seem particularly adapted to and have been almost universally used in the latter"; but our authoress appears to be better versed in the modes in which they have been used than in their symbolic meaning, except, indeed, as indices for the Fasts and Festivals of the Church. She speaks of the Bay and Amaranth as emblems of immortality, but she fails to inform us that Ivy also was an emblem of immortality; Oak, of virtue and majesty; Passion-flower, of crucifixion; White-lily, of futurity; Palm, of martyrdom; Cypress, of life and reproduction. We want, in a work of this kind, an authority on the symbolism of flowers, so far as that symbolism has been associated, by mortal man, with death and burial and the resurrrection.

It is not the absence of living beauty from our places of interment, however, that has alone to be deplored, but specially the wretched forms our monumental sculpture has assumed. It has been said with truth, that nowhere so well as in our cemeteries do "we learn how utterly futile and intolerable a divided art becomes." A greater waste of ingenuity, a greater degradation of human intellect, a greater distortion of human sentiment cannot well be conceived than that which may be found in and upon the tombs and headstones of well nigh every burying-ground. The rows of broken columns, draped urns, inverted pyramids, ponderous obelisks, naked skulls, crossed bones and skeletons, with javelins and scythes, "induce a keener sense of irritation and disgrace than if we had gone to an execution and had joked with the hangman while he adjusted the instruments of death." They are heathenish all: nay, we beg pardon, that is an injustice. Contrasted with the symbolism pertaining to death and futurity which sprung up amid classic heathenism, that which prevails in our churchyards is not to be tolerated. Mrs. Stone tells us, and we all know, that a common monumental ornament was a skeleton, or a corpse in a state of corruption, nay, even with the worms feeding upon it; and if there was a redeeming feature, it was the soul, in shape like a doll, borne by angels from the head of effigies, or carried by them to heaven in a sheet, or held in the fingers of the corpse! Contrast, with this the facts that "on various ancient funeral monuments Death is personified as a beautiful youth, on his wrist a butterfly, the symbol of renewed existence, his wings folded, and his feet crossed, leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, and that, in the Temple of Juno at Elis, Sleep and his twin-brother Death were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night." The passage from Statius's description of the Cave of Sleep, which Lessing has selected for his dissertations on "How the Ancients depicted Death," contains the germ of all the beautiful ideas respecting it which their artists embodied in their sculpture:

"Deep, deep within, Death his half-brother lay,
His face was void of terror."

How different from the ideas now embodied in our memorial sculpture. *These* are infallible indications of the practical unbelief of many Christian generations in a risen Lord, in the immortality he brought to light, and in the victory he gave us over the grave, *those* of the strong hope that animated men who lived in the world's less favored days. Even Flaxman, than whom no artist has more fully shown how the simple truths of the Gospel can inspire the sculptor, even he attained not to the high faith which can transform the "King of Terrors" into an angelic conductor of the emancipated spirit from the verge of this world to another. Grand and finely executed as many of our recent monuments are, "they do not *affect* us, we behold them without *feeling* them; as *monuments* they fail, even allowing that, as works of Art, they succeed. They will be looked at just as the lions of Van Amburg would be, were they grouped in marble, but the inward eye will not follow, and to *it* the best shaped deities are but as 'shapeless sculpture.'" Yet, be it remembered that these memorials have always been under the control of the clergy. They have always had power to forbid the erection of every tombstone that is offensive to good taste and right feeling. We see no hope for radical improvement, however, until the authority in all such matters shall have passed out of the hands of those in whose theology Death is a messenger of sovereign anger, an executor of penalty, and vengeance, and fiery torture, and is conferred on men who, imbued with a true Christian sentiment, have come to look on Death as a deliverer, "the younger brother of Sleep, and as much an angel as any other" of God's instruments. If the Prince Consort would induce the Society of Arts to offer a series of premiums for the best and most practicable designs for tombstones, embodying some legitimate Christian symbolism, either in their form or on their surface, or, if he would simply influence the society to exhibit such designs when furnished, we are persuaded he would be conferring upon us a great national benefit, by calling forth, in this direction, the noble Christian sentiment which is so largely diffused, apart from the grim theology of the creeds, and which is capable of creating for us a series of memorials of our loved ones that would be at once graceful, even beautiful, and endowed with power to inspire comfort and hope. The very material out of which they should be constructed might be matter of competition. Our slavery to the use of two or three substances for such purposes is itself to be deprecated. The vast majority of natural stones in our graveyards need to be rechiselled in less than half a century. We should like to have some of the artificial stones with silica bases, some of the bituminous cements and mastics, and even glass and porcelain mosaics brought to the test of scientific investigation, or, better still, of practical experience, with a view to their adoption for such uses. For, though we cannot expect immunity from the law of decay when erecting such memorials, it is satisfactory to feel that, even for centuries, they will mark the place where all that remains of what was ineffably dear to us reposes; and where all that is mortal of ourselves is soon to lie down in the dreamless slumber of the grave.

We had hoped to have been able to enter a protest against "the folly, profanity and ignorance of the mass of modern epitaphs." There are few more palpable evidences than these of the mighty work Christianity has to perform before the spirit of the world can be brought into harmony with the spirit of the Master, on all that pertains to the great change that must pass upon all men. If any doubt this, let them procure Pettigrew's able and reliable work, "Chronicles of the Tombs," lately published by H. G. Bohn, and, having read it, say whether more conclusive, because incidental, evidence could be found of the small degree to which an elevated Christian spirit has pervaded the mass of society regarding the great spiritual experience that we call Death. At the solemn seasons of its coming, when, if at any time, such spirit was most likely to find utterance, there has been poured forth, in its stead, a series of "ludicrous punning, satirical, deprecatory, denunciatory, revengeful, bombastical and adulatory" epitaphs; beside which, the "admonitory and devotional," if not a few in number, are poor in execution, and in comparison with which the elegance of the Greek and the simplicity of the Roman epitaphs stand out as singularly beautiful. Mr. Pettigrew and Mrs. Stone unite in commending Mr. Markland's "Remarks on English Churches, and on the expediency of rendering Sepulchral Monuments subservient to Pious and Christian Uses," as affording the best suggestions for reforming this evil; to which we would add Maitland's and Northcote's works on the Catacombs, the inscriptions in which are characterized by a simplicity, humility, reverence and living faith which are but too rare in our day. Augustus J. C. Hare's "Epitaphs for Country Churchyards," and Kilke's "Churchyard Manual," may also be commended.—*London Inquirer.*

* "God's Acre; or Historical Notices relating to Churchyards."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PAIN.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, when a boy, with the defiant constancy of youth which had as yet suffered nothing, held the opinion that pain was no evil. He was refuted by a crab which bit his toe when he was bathing, and made him roar loud enough to be heard half a mile off. If he had maintained, instead, that pain was a good, his doctrine would have been unimpeachable. Unless the whole constitution of the world were altered, our existence depends upon our sensibility to suffering. An anecdote, which is quoted by Dr. Carpenter, in his "Principles of Human Physiology," from the "Journal of a Naturalist," shows the fatal effects of a temporary suspension of this law of our nature.

A drover went to sleep on a winter's evening upon the platform of a lime-kiln, with one leg resting upon the stones which had been piled up to burn through the night. That which was gentle warmth when he lay down became a consuming fire before he rose up. His foot was burned off above the ancle, and when, roused in the morning by the man who superintended the lime-kiln, he put his stump, unconscious of his misfortune, to the ground, the extremity crumbled into fragments. Whether he had been lulled into torpor by the carbonic acid driven off from the limestone, or whatever else may have been the cause of his insensibility, he felt no pain, and, through his very exemption from this lot of humanity, expired in a fortnight afterwards in Bristol Hospital.

Without the warning voice of pain, life would be a series of similar disasters. The crab, to the lasting detriment of chemistry, might have eaten off the future Sir Humphrey's foot while he was swimming, without his entertaining the slightest suspicion of the ravages which were going on. Had he survived the injuries from the crab, he would yet have been cut off in the morning of his famous career, if, when experimenting upon the gases, the terrible oppression at his chest had not warned him to cease inhaling the carburetted hydrogen, nor, after a long struggle for life, would he have recovered to say to his alarmed assistant, "I do not think I shall die."

Without physical pain, infancy would be maimed or perish, before experience could inform it of its dangers. Lord Kaimes advised parents to cut the fingers of their children "cunningly" with a knife, that the little innocents might associate suffering with the glittering blade before they could do themselves a worse injury; but if no smart accompanied the wound, they would cut up their own fingers with the same glee that they cut a stick, and burn them in a candle with the same delight that they burn a piece of paper in the fire. Without pain, we could not proportion our actions to the strength of our frame, or our exertions to its power of endurance.

In the impetuosity of youth we should strike blows that would crush our hands, and break our arms; we should take leaps that would dislocate our limbs; and no longer taught by fatigue that the muscles needed repose, we should continue our sports and our walking tours till we had worn out the living tissue with the same unconsciousness that we now wear out our coats and our shoes. The very nutriment which is the support of life would frequently prove our death. Mirabeau said, of a man who was as idle as he was corpulent, that his only use was to show how far the skin would stretch without bursting. Without pain, this limit would be constantly exceeded, and epicures, experiencing no uneasy sensations, would continue their festivities until they met with the fate of the frog in the fable, who was ambitious of emulating the size of the ox.

Sir Charles Bell mentions the case of a patient who had lost the sense of heat in his right hand, and who, unconscious that the cover of a pan which had fallen into the fire was burning hot, took it out and deliberately returned it to its proper place, to the destruction of the skin of the palm and fingers. This, of itself, would be an accident of incessant occurrence if the monitor were wanting which makes us drop such materials more hastily than we pick them up. Pain is the grand preserver of existence, the sleepless sentinel that watches over our safety, and makes us both start away from the injury that is present and guard against it carefully in the time to come.—*London Quarterly Review.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A LITERARY TREASURE.—A perfect copy of the Hereford Missal was last week found among some old books and manuscripts which lay in a house occupied until recently by the Franciscan order of monks at Bristol. This relic has been sent to the British Museum, and has been purchased for £300. It is said that there is not another Hereford Missal in a perfect state extent.

—The *Athenæum* says: "Sir John Pakington, with prompt and sagacious liberality, has offered to place vessels at the disposal of science for observation of the great eclipse of September next—the points for seeing which to astronomical advantage lie in South America, and particularly about Lima. An astronomical expedition may perhaps be organized; and if so, foreign astronomers are invited to join the expedition."

—LABLACHE'S SNUFFBOXES.—The *Globe's* Paris correspondent says: "Crowds are surrounding the snuffboxes of Lablache, which are to be sold this next week. It is a marvellous aggregate. There is one with an exquisite enamel portrait of Garrick, which would grace the sideboard of a certain pleasant club in your neighborhood, unless it be said of the cigar and the "mull